

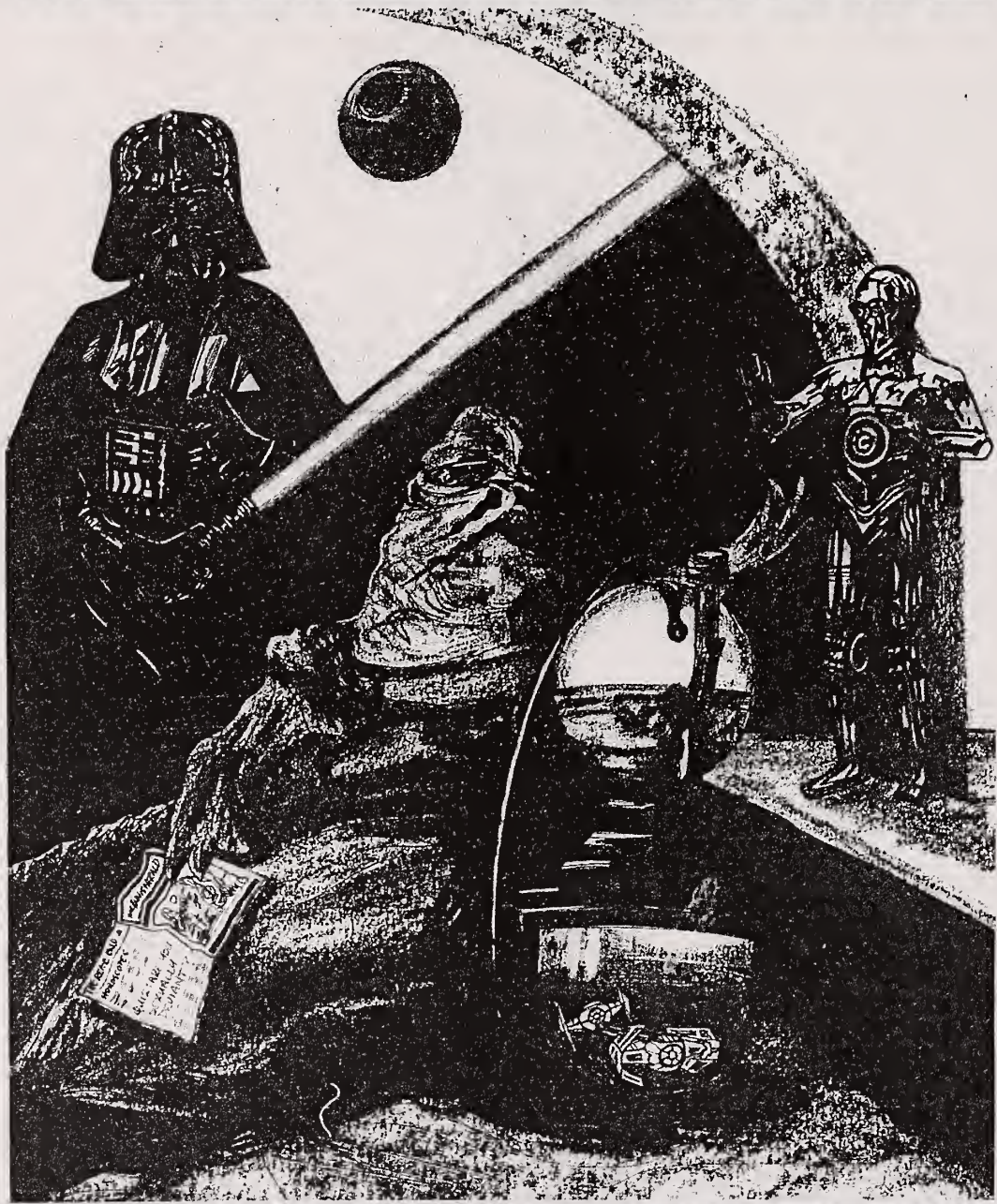
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# THE *INNIS HERALD*

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Ice or Slush

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# Detritus Importantis

## Who the Hell is Harold Innis?

Milena Piscitelli

Good question! In fact, so many people wonder about this very issue that a song was written twenty years ago (sung to the Battle Hymn of the Republic) to address this very issue. Well, who the hell is Harold Innis? I asked a few people around our college community, and the answers were nothing short of remarkable; "A movie guy" was one great answer, and "A rich guy" was another. While rich may be close, it is not quite what I was hoping for.

As a matter of fact, Harold Adam Innis (1894-1952) was one of Canada's leading international scholars. Born in Ottaville, Ontario, Innis studied first at McMaster then at the University of Chicago to become a political Economist. His writings in economics and economic history gave rise to a distinctly Canadian approach.

Later attempts to analyze the crisis in Western Civilization led to new emphasis on modes of communication for understanding the nature and development of a society. It was at this point in Innis' career that he became involved with communications as a media historian/theorist. Innis was greatly dissatisfied with American and British trained scholars who tended to approach

In the 1920s, Innis joined the University of Toronto's political economics department. By 1937 he was the department head, then Dean of Graduate Studies ten years later, where he remained until his death. Innis was greatly dissatisfied with American and British trained scholars who were predominant figures in the Canadian universities. He realized that they were applying inappropriate models to their analysis of Canada's economy and so he developed his own theories which helped assert him to the forefront of international academics as a Canadian.

The fact that he was a prominent academic, and the fact that he was involved with the University of Toronto is considerably important, but important enough to have a college named after him? I spoke with Roger Riendeau, Academic Assistant to the Principal of Innis College and Treasurer of the Harold Innis Research Foundation, to discover more. Riendeau's response made it all clear; "He was the best known communications theorist outside Canada that Canada ever produced. He was a pioneer in the study of technology's impact on culture."

Previous to any of his work in that field, as an economist, Innis devised what he called the Staple Theory - Riendeau explains; "This presented Canadian development in terms of successive exploitation of its raw materials; beaver fur, codfish, timberland and grain." This theory was the basis of Innis' first written works.

Slightly later in his career, Innis wrote two particular works that helped him become elevated to the status of an academic cult leader: *Empire and Communications* and *The Bias of Communications*. His work inspired that of his student Marshall McLuhan who took Innis' ideas to a new level in his own book, *The Global Village*. This helped to popularize not only the man who started it all, but his life's work as well. Other significant groups which follow his theories are Canadian Marxists who are interested in his study connecting economics, politics and society.

Innisian research (as it is called) continues today, particularly with respect to the advancements of the internet. Harold Innis' popularity today is as enormous as it was during his career peak amongst scholars of similar interest. Realizing Innis' interest in telecommunications, it is not at all surprising to discover that there were web pages dedicated to him - <http://kall.murdoch.edu.au/~hopehume/innis.html> is one example.

This ties into the purpose of The Harold Innis Research Foundation which has two specific goals. First, it aims to foster research related to the life studies of Harold Innis - media/communications theory and philosophy. Secondly, the foundation seeks to support Innis College in its achievement of academic goals, primarily through fundraising.

When this college was created in 1964 (Ed. Please double-check that), a university-wide trend of naming new buildings after significant figures of the university environment was taking place. It seemed only logical that Harold Innis be honoured, posthumously, for his contributions to the University of Toronto, and to Canadian academics as a whole.

Though Innis college programs do not directly relate to Harold's studies, they (Environmental Studies, Cinema Studies and Urban Studies) reflect his own scholastic diversity. Further, just as Innis College's programs were groundbreaking and almost controversial in their day, so were the theories of Harold Innis. We are a non-traditional college, and Innis was a non-traditional thinker.

Well, after all of that - I certainly hope you've learned a little more about the man whose name you wear proudly on T-shirts, or scream loudly at parades. In all honesty, I had no clue who he was either before I began researching for this article, but now that I know I feel I have a new found respect for little ol' Innis. Its a sense of pride that says - of course we can stand up to those other, more tradition-based colleges. They're mostly named after foreign schools, and we're named after one of the most intelligent Canadians that ever was - we have roots within our own country, and we have a figure-head who represents who we are; innovative, unconventional and creative thinkers.

The Editor apologizes for the lack of editorial this month but her dog ate it, and she was stampeded by a herd of roaring elephants en route to Innis. This paper was constructed entirely post-mortem. Besides, wouldn't you rather read about Harold?

## SNOOCHIE BOOCHIES

Jennifer Kelly

I have to read *Ulysses* for one of my classes, and (for me at least) it is no easy task. It may be one of the greatest works ever, but, man, the thing is huge. You could knock someone out with it. Aside from it making me feel like a beast of burden, I'm having a very difficult time wrapping my head around it all. Joyce, as far as I am concerned, was a brilliant man - but I have no doubt that he immensely enjoyed playing head games with his audience.

Until very recently, I had a hard time relating even the slightest bit to Stephen Dedalus. If I had been asked to describe him most of the words I used would not have been very pleasant. Then I had an epiphany (thank you, James Joyce...). In a scene near the beginning of *Ulysses*, Stephen is involved in a conversation about religion with a character named Haines. I'll condense it a little, but here is the gist:

"You're not a believer, are you?" Haines asked. "I mean, a believer in the narrow sense of the word. Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God."

"There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me," Stephen said.

"Yes, of course," [Haines] said, as they went on again. "Either you believe or you don't, isn't it? Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God. You don't stand for that, I suppose?"

"You behold in me," Stephen said with grim displeasure, "a horrible example of free thought."

What Stephen is saying, at least from my perspective is that if there was only one truth, or one choice, he would have been able to be happy. Because he knows that this isn't the case, he can never be happy. There are too many "truths" out there - who can ever possibly know what the real deal is? It's like an information overload; Stephen is unable to compute. The worst part is that it seems like he wants to believe. He simply can't. (or is it that he wants to be happy?)

Strictly in the religious sense, I can relate to what Stephen is feeling. I was raised a Catholic - I went to church every Sunday, was in CCD until Confirmation, even went on retreats with my youth group. I graduated from a Catholic high school (although by that point mass simply meant I didn't have to go to class...). Around fifteen I began questioning everything that I was being taught. Which, in and of itself, is not a bad thing. In fact, I think it is a good thing. (Do you believe everything you're told?) Blah Blah Blah - what it comes down to is that I am now a "lapsed Catholic" - though if I had to classify myself, I'd call myself agnostic.

My theory is this - even if Christianity is "the one true faith", how can I decide that for myself if I've never been exposed to anything else? How do I know that I won't decide that I want to adopt, say, a Buddhist philosophy, and live my life in that way? Some would say it's a matter of faith - implicit faith - and to them I would say that faith that has never been tested doesn't mean a thing. I very well may crawl my way back to the "Holy Mother Church" someday, but it would mean nothing to me if I hadn't done any soul searching first. So instead, I wander around in a cloud of confusion - spiritually unfulfilled.

If I go on much longer, I'll start to get into what it is about the Catholic church as an institution that really puts a bug in my arse, and that is always a dangerous situation, so we'll move in another direction, yes? Even if you look at it on another level entirely, Stephen's statement still rings true. Take, for example, the ridiculous amount of choice in simple consumer products... Do we really need three hundred million varieties of toothpaste? Or gum? Or tampons? Or cigarettes? Or margarine? Or detergent? Shampoo? Potato chips? Audio tapes? Video tapes? Coughsyrupcoldmedicinallegeryliefslnusmedicationfluemedies...? And even with all the crap that's out there, sometimes I still can't find something that satisfies me.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying I don't believe in free thought and all it entails. I'm all for it - both theoretically and practically. I would, in fact, fight to the death for my right to free thought. I guess all I'm saying is that too much of a good thing can be very dangerous. Think for a minute, if you will, about the surplus of coffee shops around Toronto - and I still haven't come across one that has the right sort of atmosphere or attitude. (not to mention I'm convinced that Starbucks has a master plan to conquer the world - but that's another column...)

If you are wondering where the masthead is, it's on the last page. We needed a change. Happy reading



## Groundhog Day facts and factoids

**Groundhog, woodchuck what's the difference?**

Woodchuck and groundhog are common terms for the same animal, the rodent with the scientific name of *armota monax*. Most closely related to squirrels, woodchucks actually can climb trees and also can swim.

**What's so special about Feb. 2?**

Celestially speaking, Groundhog Day on Feb. 2 is a "cross-quarter" day, about halfway between the winter solstice in December and the vernal equinox in March. It is celebrated in some cultures as the mid point of winter. It's not far from the time many groundhogs end their hibernation anyway, around the second week of February.

**What's going on in that burrow?**

In the winter, not much. Groundhogs go into profound hibernation, greatly reducing their metabolic rate, and dropping their body temperature drops to just a few degrees above ambient temperature. Because their hibernaculum, the deepest portion of the burrow where they hibernate, is below frost line, a body temperature is produced as low as 39-40 degrees F.

**What's the wake-up call?**

The groundhog's internal clock is believed to be affected by annual changes in the amount of daylight. Hormonal responses to cyclic changes in production of melatonin, a sleep-related hormone, are thought by some to be the signal to wake up.

**Why did groundhog fur coats go out of fashion?**

Groundhog fur never was in vogue, partly because it is not particularly thick and warm, and because the fur's grizzled grey-brown appearance is more appealing to others of their species than to people. Groundhog hairs are used for tying trout flies, such as the 'Chuck Caddis', and early American Indians once used sturdy woodchuck hides for soles of moccasins.

**What's for dinner?**

Groundhogs in the wild eat succulent green plants, such as dandelion greens, clover, plantain and grasses. They also are tempted by nearby garden vegetables. Woodchucks binge and purposefully put on weight in the summer, reaching a maximum mass in late August. They become lethargic and prepare for hibernation in October. By February, hibernating woodchucks have lost as much as half their body weight.

**How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?**

About 700 pounds. Compared to beavers, groundhogs/woodchucks are not adept at moving timber, although some will chew wood. A wildlife biologist once measured the inside volume of a typical woodchuck burrow and estimated that if wood filled the hole instead of dirt the industrious animal would have chucked about 700 pounds' worth.

Sources: College of Veterinary Medicine, Cornell University; New York State Department of Environmental Conservation; Mammals of the Eastern United States, Second Edition, William J. Hamilton Jr. and John O. Whitaker Jr.

## A celebration of history, a month of respect

Right now, put this paper down for a second, and go look in a mirror. If you actually listened to me, what did you first notice in the mirror? Was it the colour of your skin? If not what was it and why did you notice that first? Regardless of the standards of equality which have been engineered by our government and modern philosophers, we still live in an age in which the colour of our skin, the religion we belong to, or our gender has significant repercussions as one goes through their life. I am not saying that the world has not greatly changed its outlook in regards to viewing all people as human beings. However, I am saying that people do not seem to want to forsake their history and assimilate into one congregation of human culture. That fact will enable discriminatory elements to be around for a long time. Please note, discrimination is not necessarily a bad thing, in the right context discrimination is an essential and regular part of everyday life. One discriminates against the red shirt and wears the green, or one waits instead of taking the subway. Discrimination becomes a problem when ignorance, stereotypes, and misinformation cloud the decision making process. That is why good, truthful, positive information about different races and cultures should be widely taught to our citizens in order to have greater appreciation for those that are different. This issue is especially relevant this February as we commemorate Black History Month.

Once a year one month is dedicated to studying and learning about the past and future of the African descendants. It is a time to rejoice in the accomplishments of black people across the world. This celebration was



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cultivated and is mainly practised in the United States. There are marches, speeches, conferences and the Arts and Entertainment channel dedicates their February month of Biography to black people. February is a time for black people to be focussed upon in order to show the many great additions which they have made towards human kind. Their writing, painting, music, and political genius is put on the forefront in order to provide positive role models for other Black Americans. Their history is told in schools in order for the injustice of the past to be known so it can be avoided in the future. February is a time for Black Americans to show themselves as well as the rest of the world their worth and enormous strength which they have maintained throughout four hundred years of oppression.

Many people do not like the idea of Black History month for many different reasons. Some felt that there is no need for a special month to celebrate the achievements of black people. Others are offended that there is not other months to celebrate the achievements of other minorities. While others feel that the white liberal doctrine of liberalism is just using the shortest month of the year to give trivial pats on the back in order to reduce the guilt felt for four hundred years of oppression. Other people just do not understand its purpose or where it came from.

The first time it was decided that it was important for the exploits of black people to be celebrated was in 1926. It was a week in which Dr. Carter Godwin Woodson, an extremely intelligent African-American Ph.D. recipient from Harvard, decided was necessary in order to promote a positive outlook for black people so that they have something to be proud of. The level of confidence which is presently seen within the black population is depressing, lack of positive role models, high percentage of single parent families are just a few of many reasons for their down trodden spirit. Black history month is thus an attempt towards a solution. To provide an arena in which the accomplishments of people of colour would be forced to be taught to children in schools, while everyone would get their insight through the media and it's brief tidbits of somewhat relevant rhetoric.

The history of injustice which the black people have been subject to since their forced arrival in North America aboard Slave ships is substantial and four hundred years later has yet to disappear. For the three hundred years since the arrival of black people to North America, they were subject to life as sub-humans, branded and bought and sold like animals. On January 31, 1865 Abraham Lincoln asked Congress to add to the constitution an amendment which would abolish slavery for ever. The next hundred years led these people through a series of tests and steps towards the civil rights movement which brought them much of the equality which they presently have. The Civil Rights Movement of the late fifties and sixties was not a spontaneous thing, but, more realistically, the expected outcome of hundreds of years of oppression of the black people in America by the white race. As more and more of Black history is shared with all people the level of ignorance and the barrier of stereotypes are broken down.

Does this month help to aid in the empowerment of the black people? Does it help to remove racism from the black community? Does it help to remove racism from the non-black community? These are questions which I cannot answer, they were raised by those I talked to about the topic. Most people had little opinion or knowledge about Black History month. Most who knew about it were far more interested in the Star Wars re-release. It's importance to most Canadians is limited as their is not enough celebration or action to commemorate this special month. It's importance cannot be denied as it becomes more and more apparent that a history of discrimination can ruin the moral of any people. It is important to try to do whatever is possible to help educate everyone about all of our differences so that we can learn that what makes us all different makes us all the same then when we look in the mirror we will not see a white or a black face staring back at us but a human being who loves all and has an open mind and heart (ain't that sweet).



# Rez Says

At this point a plan is under way to streamline student services at Innis College. This will include renovating the first floor - where the current ICSS office is will be a long counter which will provide information about all services available at the college. The ICSS office will move to the third floor. There are a number of advantages and disadvantages to this.

First the good: by creating an integrated student centre, the various academic student groups as well as the Herald, the ICSS and IRC (Innis Residence Council) will share offices in close proximity to each other, creating an environment in which cooperation and sharing of ideas is more likely. Having been involved with this year's Frosh week in which the IRC and ICSS cooperated, I am convinced that by working together student groups can create better events - the goals of some groups will inevitably overlap with others.

Another major advantage, if not the biggest one, is the service which a comfortable, furnished student centre can provide to off campus students. The plans include a washroom, kitchenette, and good deal of space to study, sleep, and relax. Having spent my three years at U of T in the Innis residence, I have always taken it for granted that there is somewhere I can go in between classes to rest - however, the average Innis student only spends 1 year in residence. It is obvious that off campus students have a harder time being involved with and aware of student life; an integrated student centre could arguably provide a setting which would alleviate some of this estrangement.

Now the not so good news: renovations cost money. It is estimated that to cover expenses, the students will have to pay \$15 a year. In itself, I don't think this is a lot of money its' significance only appears once the students consider exactly what they are getting. The major drawback to the plan is accessibility; the ICSS office would be moving from a highly visible place, (the entrance to the college off St. George), to a hidden one at the back of the building up three flights of stairs. In my experience though, the ICSS office has not seen any large amounts of student traffic through its doors this year. Perhaps the larger space would be more inviting as a result of its being out of the way. In any case, I am hoping that any students who have questions or opinions about the project will come and voice them: in the currently accessible ICSS office, open daylight hours from Monday to Friday, there are always ICSS members around doing office hours (with some students hanging out).

I am convinced that the move will be a good thing for Innis students. Because of the layout, the student centre will be accessible through an entrance separate from the college itself: it will be available when the college may be closed (for example evenings and weekends), and can be incorporated into other events, by using the space during frosh week as home base, students will know where it is and feel comfortable using it. If the plan goes ahead and the money is there, it is possible that the third floor renovations will be ready in time for September '97.



## What the IRC has been doing

Winter has good and bad elements to it. There is the Innis Formal, and short hours of daylight, there is reading week, and there are midterms. We have Star Wars back in the theatres to present the Force to a new generation, but to see it one must line up in subzero temperatures for hours. So far your residence council, on the good side of the force, has thrown a number of events which tons of people came out to. The trip to the Phoenix was an amazing time, a big apology to everyone who got there after the free beer and food ran out, but despite this I think everyone had fun. By the time you are reading this, the formal will have come. I know that this year will be the best one Innis has ever seen. The IRC co-sponsored this event with the ICSS.

We have a ski trip planned for the last week of February. This trip will be to Blue Mountain for one day of skiing, and will likely cost \$10-15 for transportation, lift ticket, (and rentals if needed). Ski trips have been an annual event at the res, but I've learned from the aborted trip to Mont. Ste. Anne that students prefer trips with less time and less expensive commitments.

If you loved the events the IRC has provided so far, contrary-wise or think if you could do a better job, keep in mind that elections will be coming up in a few months for the 1997-8 school year. To find out more about what the IRC does, I extend an open invitation (not that you need one, all IRC meetings are open to all residents) to come to the next IRC meeting. As you may not know, we hold meetings every second Wednesday in the events room - on the main floor across from the office. There is still some flexibility left in the events which we can hold after reading week, so come out and speak your mind.

## The Resident Bitch

Moana Boule

Hey Hey Innisites. The resident bitch therapist Moana here to cover your bitching ills, and as always to offer some friendly advice. And awaaay we go...

An Innis resident writes: "I, as a female, resent the naming of this box. Those of us who have taken Languages and Gender I'm sure would agreeee, It is perpetuating the myth that females bitch, gossip and talk too much, as if what we have to say isn't important. How about the "beef box?"

Well, I, as a vegetarian, resent the idea of naming this box The Beef Box. This would imply that everyone who bitches eats meat. But seriously, I appreciate the concern you have posed, however the word 'bitch' nowadays encompasses both MALES and females as well. It is no longer a gender issue 'cause let's face it; some men can be such bitches. Gosh darn it, bitching is a legitimate way of expressing one's concern... as you yourself have done. So my advice? ...accept the ever-changing way of language and perhaps ask yourself what (or rather who) really perpetuates the stereotype of a bitch.

An Innis college student writes: "Bitch Box" is too small

I agree that the boxes are a little hard to spot but that is why they're so colourful. My advice? ...now that you know the location of at least one of them you can continue bitching about even bigger and better things. By the way how small are you?

An Innis resident writes: My bitch is about the bloody fire alarms. All year long none, and then four in the last week. Two of them were at 6:45 in the morning. Something should be done to stop this shit.

Well, well, someone really likes to sleep. Although I agree that it was a pain in the ass to have to wake up, my advice to you would be to just revel in the fact that the alarms actually work. I mean would you really like to wake up in a raging inferno surrounded by flames rising higher and higher, hotter and hotter, until it feels like your skin is sizzling and being attacked by millions of tiny little pins striking your face over and over again? Then your lungs filling to the brim with thick dark smoke making you choke on your own breath? Don't forget about your body burning to a crisp resembling day-old dried up bacon? So I guess 6:45 am isn't sounding to bad now huh?

An Innis college student writes: This city suffers from a shortage of large, cheap bowler hats.

Hmmmm, you know you're right? Ain't that a bitch? Well the only advice I can offer is to take a mixing bowl or something and paint it black, or you could visit the local bowling alley and ask one of the bowlers to sit on your head to demonstrate a really denigrated play on words, or go topless. On your head that is.

Well that's it for this month. Keep the bitching alive. Moana's personal bitch: I know they're hard to resist but please stop yourselves from sifting through the contents of the bitch boxes. It just ruins the whole surprise.

Thanks.

The I.C.S.S. reminds you of the upcoming semi formal, February 8th at the Westin Harbour Castle. Dinner & Dance, live Jazz etc... \$35.00 ticket includes table-dancers.



## Temagami: It Ain't Over Until the Fat Pine Sings!

by Nathaniel Wooten

The unsettled issue of logging in the last 1% of fragmented patches of ancient Red and White Pine forest in Temagami is corresponding with growing efforts to preserve this remnant landscape from large-scale human disturbance. The significant civil disobedience campaign of 1996 has taught many lessons and is spurring new action and preparation for 1997. In addition, the Temagami region Timber Management Plan for 1997-1998 which includes logging in ancient Red and White Pine forest ecosystems, is open to public comment until February 21, 1997. Now more than ever, action is needed to stop Mike Harris and Goulard Lumber from this desecration of an endangered ecosystem in un-ceded First Nations territory.

The Earthroots campaign to preserve the Owain Lake forest did not stop logging. However the rate of logging has been reduced by over 50%. Of the 700 hectare (ha) Owain Lake forest, approximately 150 ha have been logged from Goulard's 325 ha permit. The arrests of 62 people in various protests action (e.g. human tripods, tree sitting, and the bike lock around the neck and machinery trick) caused significant stalling and proved costly for Goulard. Furthermore, the campaign also attracted a group of Sir Sandford Flemming Resource Management students who filed a list of complaints concerning logging practices to the Ministry of Natural Resources (MNR) which halted logging for 2 weeks.

Despite continued logging, the Forest Action Defence Camp was an in-situ information centre and served as a gateway to an enchanted wilderness experience. Over 800 activists and supporters visited the camp. Various other visitors included members of the media (e.g. David Suzuki and Varsity Staff), local fishermen, politicians (e.g. Toronto Councillors Olivia Chow and Jack Layton, 5 members of the Green Party who were arrested on a Sunday for holding hands on the road), and last but not least, a couple of Jehova's Witnesses. Visitors experienced contrasting walks through ancient forest followed by a landscape increasingly scarred by skidder tracks, roads, and an immature forest lacking in diversity.

The lessons learned from the Temagami protest of 1996 are now helping to formulate a strategy for 1997. Coping with the influx of new people into the camp, providing both basic and specialized civil disobedience training (i.e. legal advice vs. tree sitting) for arrestees and their support persons, while coordinating protest actions proved challenging-exhausting. Thus, Earthroots plans to do lots of pre-training starting in the spring. When a new camp sets up again in August-September, there will be a larger number of trained activists and actions against the Dark Side of the Force will proceed with enhanced efficiency. [Recruit, Recruit...Next Temagami Action Group (TAG) meeting on Monday February 17th, 6:00, 519 Church St.] All are welcome.

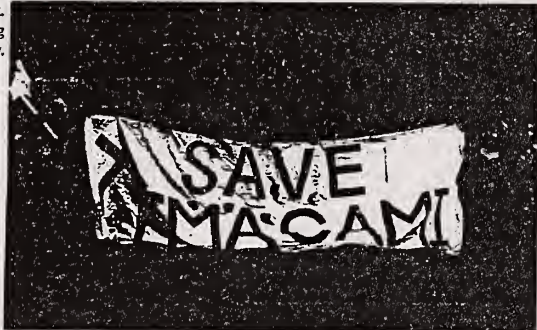
Much of Earthroots efforts also include creating a bigger "war-chest" to fund its continuing nonviolent Ewokian actions both in Temagami and Toronto. Plans include several benefits and a Myth and Reality: Part II exhibit displaying ecological woodproducts with speakers [De Leon Whit gallery, February 13-15, @ King and Spadina]

Do trees have standing? Now is the time to voice your concern over the sound of trees older than Canada crashing on the forest floor. Write to the Ministry of Natural Resources and tell them to protect the Owain Lake ancient forest for generations to come. Note: do not raise the clearcutting issue because old-growth red and white pine are logged using a "shelterwood cutting" method (i.e. a two stage cut with all old-growth harvested after the second stage). This method is by no means low impact. Examples of ecosystem degradation include: the creation of 16-20 meter wide logging roads, skidder tracks, and the removal of the biggest trees thus reducing genetic diversity.

Act now for Temagami's Ancient Forests...Raise your voice (and your pen!)

Send your comments to:

Ministry of Natural Resources  
North Bay District  
3301 Trout Lake Road  
North Bay, Ontario  
P1A 4L7



## look at it from their perspective...

by Paul Conner

The developing countries of the world are often hosts to serious environmental problems. Air, water and ground pollution have reached very uncomfortable levels in many places. I found out first-hand during my recent visit to Taipei (the capital of Taiwan) just how hard it is to live in such conditions. The smoke tore at my eyes constantly, and the water possibly caused a post-shave skin infection (alerts were posted to boil tap water before drinking it).

One can get quite judgmental about these issues. A common thought that occurs is "How can they live like this?" and "Why don't they try to be more environmentally conscious, like we try ourselves?" For instance, we saw lots of recycling symbols, but not a single recycling bin presented itself for our use. And certainly, people can get sick and possibly even die much earlier than they otherwise would, as a result of the ever-present pollution.

The fact of the matter is that they are trying to bootstrap themselves to prosperity at a greatly accelerated rate, to catch up before they are forever left behind. They see the good things in life on their television screens, beamed in from the most advanced countries like our own. A wide variety of choices in consumer goods, from chicken pot pie to Star Wars. The freedom to travel and see the better places on Earth, the different cultures and races. And you simply cannot tell any citizen of such countries that the Earth groans under the weight of their desires. They would ask if you wished them to return to the difficult and pointless life of primitives, or even wished them to disappear from the Earth completely! Worse, they might ask if you wanted them out of the way so you could continue to have the good life for yourself...

As they grow richer, we can hope that the peoples of developing countries will use more of their disposable income to repair the damages caused by their race to prosperity. We can look to the earlier stages of our own economic development, and try to find and offer advice to them to ease their journey. But the fundamental fact is that they won't ever turn back from economic progress, nor will they accept imposed solutions to the global environmental threat. Treating the peoples of developing countries with anything less than the respect of equals will ultimately be counterproductive and make matters much worse. We may all die together as the ecology rampages to restore its precarious balances. But we haven't a prayer of holding back the dreams of other peoples as a means of saving the planet.

People who live and work in areas where the environment is seriously threatened often resent the contemptuous attention of "interfering outsiders". While they recognize the faults of their region, probably even more clearly than any visitor, they are troubled to see how their own survival and advancement do not always appear in the priorities of these unwitting outsiders.

If there is a solution to global environmental problems, it will be found in the most realistic alternatives offered to present methods. Alternatives that promote real prosperity along with pollution reduction and ecological preservation. It is not enough to say "Do not!", you have to also be able to say "This way will satisfy both your needs and the needs of the Earth!". A more challenging path, but the more rewarding ones often are.

Respect is the keyword!

## Campus Environmental Meetings

"Who is Doing What to Oppose Environmental Deregulation"

Speakers: Kathy Cooper, Canadian Environmental Law Association

Doug MacDonald, Stop Enviro. Deregulation in Canada

Gord Perks, Toronto Environmental Association

Mark Manfield, Canadian Institute for Enviro. Law and Policy

Mediator: Ruth Grier, Innis Resident Environmentalist Mon., Feb 10, 1997, 4:00 pm, Earth Science Centre, rm. 2093

Your friendly environment editor cordially invites you to drop in for tea at his house anytime over the next month. Sit. Chill. Talk about the earth. Call 978-4748 and ask for Nathaniel.



# The Literary Supplement

## Yawning over the Family Jewels

Damian Tarnopolsky

We're all a bit stupid, and sometimes we make mistakes. Some of these mistakes are big, and people get angry or killed over them. This is terrible, but it is not of our immediate concern. Luckily, there are small mistakes too, and these are the ones we're worried about here. The small mistake at issue, since this month I'm on this page, is stream-of-consciousness. In the next thirty seconds or so, perhaps no-one will raise an angry ice-pick to anyone else over stream of consciousness, and that gives us a secure haven-ette from which to discuss a small mistake people make.

So there's a mistake. To understand it, we need a little story, which fortunately begins with the word 'Tony', just this minute: Tony is your friend. He runs a small jewellery store in the Midwest, like you (imagine for the purposes of this article). However, Tony's mind is elsewhere. You know this because one day, in he walks, past the rings and diadems, over to your counter, papers in hand. Tony has written a story. And you begin to wish you'd ripped out his lungs that day you promised yourself you would, because Tony wants you to read what he's done, and he says "The thing about it is," and this is the stupid part, "Is that because it's stream-of-consciousness, it's really true—y'know?"

We said it was a small stupidity, but Tony still gets my goat. Better change his name to Jill. Jill's made a classic small stupid mistake, and it's like this: Jill thinks that his story, which we'll pretend convinces and compels, works because it's somehow an accurate representation of consciousness: that, as Jill says, it's true. Now in one way this is nonsense and in another way naïve.

Clearly we're talking about big issues here (big small issues anyway, not really big issues), vague notions of what 'works', 'compels', is 'true', and so forth, but who cares. The thing is that Jill does have a point: when stream of consciousness is done well it really can whisk you away, put you right in a character's most inner core with a comfortable reclining chair and a comfortable reclining cup of tea, with soft music playing in the background, maybe some leather handcuffs. And at a time when ice-picks are being raised in anger, and respiratory tracts violently removed all over the place, that lovely effect s-of-consciousness can have is a small delight for us to hold on to. A little guiltily, perhaps. Still, the point is that stream-of-c doesn't 'work' because it accurately represents consciousness to us. That's obvious, because conscious experience isn't just in words. I mean, s-of-c might do

something like this:

ooh I feel a yawn coming on oh ah aaah there we go that's better I needed that now I can get back to writing the sodding article what'll I do it on oh I know

Now only an idiot would claim that this is what happens in your head when you yawn. There's something that it's like to yawn, and this doesn't happen in words. I might think about it in words, or talk about it in words, but even when I think about yawning (like now) bits are in words and bits something else, you know, that feeling of yawning. When I yawn, that general feeling is what I have, with maybe some words too. Or a song. Or someone's elbow, whatever. But most likely not words about yawning. So if s-o-c represents a yawn with something like the above, it's not being quite true to life, is it?

Of course I can imagine a situation in which I might yawn and think to myself about my act of yawning; I might try and think how I'd describe it, if I was really interested in yawning, say. And this is what s-o-c actually approximates to: since it's not representing experience directly, what it can aspire to is a credible commentary: I mean, it can be written in such a way that you believe that these are the words a character would use to describe their yawning, if they were thinking about it.

What s-of-c might aim at rendering then is a voice commenting on every moment and sensation: not just having sensation, but commenting on it. And the words you get in s-of-c might do the job well, might convince you, but clearly they're not a transcript of experience, because experience is so much richer. To think otherwise is a pretty naïve view of both writing and what it's like to yawn.

So this is an article about a small mistake one might make, a small deceit in writing, a small point. It is perhaps stupid and quite obvious from the start, but it only takes a minute, and no doubt your lungs are still doing fine. Still, Jill's tired from all that yawning, although I see her face brightening up. Bye.

ever) and simultaneous penetration. Thus he awakens her from her hundred-year slumber and firmly claims her virginity, her body and her life. He takes her from her father's castle to the one he shares with his mother (the Queen), their courtiers and their love-slaves.

Upon arrival at the palace, Beauty is mounted and exhibited to the rest of the courtiers. Here she begins her relationship with the Queen (who is jealous, but excited by Beauty's ripe, youthful charms), with Lord Gregory (a domineering Earl of erect carriage and hidden passions) and Prince Alexi (another slave) whose fine physique and tumultuous eyes appeal irresistibly to Beauty and who proves to be dangerously intriguing. Beauty is introduced to the Palace system (squires who tend to the grooming of the slaves, the Hall of Punishments, etc.) and ordered to submit to all who command her.

This story is not for children. Heck, I don't think I'd want my grand-mother to know that I read it. The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty is written in lovely English, your typical four-letter words being replaced by expression like "her fluttering core" and "his upstanding member." One tends to forget that one is reading what might in fact be considered pomography, but I would prefer to call it erotica; it is about S & M, granted, but it is also written with class and (seemingly) in an effort not to sound base or crude. Anne Rice (in her guise of A. N. Rocquelaure) spins her yarn as the omniscient narrator who watches as Beauty is shown a world of whips, phalluses and stimulation-slash-frustration and is rewarded for her submissiveness, but somehow portrays the world as more than "Debbie does Dallas" or "Big-Breasted Blondes In Space" (y'cs, these are actually real works of art). The art of writing erotica is sadly dying out, actresses in today's popular movies swoon to "yo bitch" and the sight of Pamela Anderson's silicone silhouette is a far more common occurrence than meeting someone who has heard of Anais Nin.

The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty tests many limits of tolerance. There are those who would be enraged at Beauty and her passivity (one of Beauty's main appeals for her captors); feminists will likely tear this book to shreds, Pro-Life people and fundamentalists in general would throw hissy-fits and my grandmother would have a heart attack. Still, the writer within me appreciates the smooth, poetic prose and the artist at work behind the scenes of what I suppose might be perceived as orgiastic debauchery. This is not a sweaty, smelly-socked teenager's bedside jack-off book, but is intended for reader titillation (as opposed to masturbation). In truth, it is very difficult to draw the line between one person's erotica and another person's porn. When does arousal become disgust? It is subjective to the nth degree.

While reading this book, I was struck by a fleeting tangential thought (ouch). Tired and achy, but intrigued from the first page onwards; I wondered if looking at porn on the internet has the same effect as reading it on paper. Or does it have potentially more because of selection size and graphic quality? The claiming of Sleeping Beauty would seem cheapened by pictures, the charm of it lies in the space behind the text, where Rice leaves it to your imagination. It's funny, normally I wouldn't have pictured calling erotica charming, but this example of it is unusually so. The Prince, Alexi and Beauty are an oddly exciting triangle and the best thing is, there's two more books in the series. Beauty's Punishment and Beauty's Release are also available from Puffin Books. Look out in further editions of the herald for more of Rice's erotica.

'cause really, they're better than the

Vampire Chronicles.



## The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty by A.N. Rocquelaure

A Review and further musings

A.N. Rocquelaure is the pseudonym for the distinguished mistress of the vampire craze that started a couple of years ago, Anne Rice. This is not just a simple re-telling of the fairy story we all grew up with, mind you; there's a twist in the new tale (or lots of twisting really) for it's all about sex (why else would it be on the sex page? - SexEd). The story goes as follows, Beauty is awoken by the Prince, but it's not quite like the old version. Rather than rousing her with a chaste kiss, the Prince cuts open her dress and floods her with life by the means of the aforesaid kiss (not very chaste, how-



## Stud vs. Slut

One of the oldest debates that troubles the cognitive community is often mistaken to be the nature vs. nurture argument. However there is one, so much more profound, so much more troubling, and so much more relevant to an individual's development: the stud vs. slut debate. The question that has really plagued mankind's (or more accurately womankind's) psyche is, "Why are men considered studs and women sluts when they partake in sexually promiscuous activity?"

Perhaps I can explain it from a biological viewpoint. For a female to ensure the survival of her genes she only needs to have sex with one male. Her focus then turns on the organism inside of her. A male however does not have this responsibility, so the smartest thing for him to do is to mate with as many females as possible in order to pass on as many of his genes as possible. [and in order to collect as many STDs as possible. - SexEd]

When people are sexually active in 1997 it's hard to imagine that the participants are actually thinking about passing on their genetic code. Therefore this evolutionary argument doesn't seem plausible. I am more inclined to argue from a socio-cultural viewpoint; women simply aren't supposed to be sexually active. Throughout history, at least until the sexual revolution in the 1960's, women have been taught to sit with their legs crossed - AND TO KEEP THEM CROSSED. Perhaps this belief was for a practical reason such as population control. After all, very little was known about birth control until quite recently.

For hundreds of years women were allowed to have sex for two purposes: reproduction and for their husband's sexual gratification. Sometimes I think men and women were in fact anatomically created to support this rule. Think about how much harder it is for a woman to reach orgasm than a man. In fact, many women today still don't experience this pleasure. [Maybe they're not doin' it right. - SexEd]

However, times have changed, and take it from this woman, we've gained control. Although some cultures on this planet have not changed, many women are now the bosses and choose who, what [what? - SexEd], when and how. Unfortunately women's promiscuity is still considered somewhat taboo, although I have hopes that things will improve. I just have one question: If all women were prudes, who the hell would all the studs be sleeping with?

- Anonymous

## FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKSUCKFUCKFUCKUCK!!!

As you will be receiving this paper, and hopefully reading this article, in the few days upcoming to Valentines Day. You will be feeling one of three possible emotions:

On the chance that you do not have a loved one (were talking about a boyfriend/ girlfriend/bed buddy, whichever be the case, not your mother) then most likely you don't give a flying shit. You should however, give into Hallmark's greatest invention and support your local florist. Although this gesture might seem to be one of true altruism, it is really a great way of getting more of what you want. Go out and buy two beautiful flower arrangements. Give the first to your mother, she will always appreciate it and as a result treat you well for the next week/month etc.... The second beautiful item of flora should be given to the friend or total stranger which attracts you the most that day. Then invite them to the Ballet or for a coffee or something. You might wake up on the fifteenth somewhere new and that always makes for a swell Valentines Day.

The next possibility is that you do have mooocha smoocha lover bunny, then swell. You are the type of victim Hallmark had in mind when they invented this horrible example of consumer apathy and superior corporate ingenuity. In that case, you might as well go all out and make the most of this day of romance. Not that I see much romance in this world. So take advantage of this day and be extravagant. Ladies, if your man is cool, buy him flowers they might really appreciate it. Massages and blow jobs will rock your man's world as will a home cooked meal. Men, the old saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach can relate to female's also. Make them dinner they'll really, really appreciate the gesture and effort. However if you really want to get to her heart treat her well in a boudoir. Long massage sessions and long uninterrupted sessions of cummilinus we'll make both of you wake with a smile. No matter what they tell you, all women do love flowers, it's just a question of which flowers to buy. I recommend something vastly different: orchids, roses are good but go for an exuberant colour, or find dandelions (any girl who doesn't appreciate dandelions in February in Toronto is whack). It isn't what you get for your loved one as why you got it. Get something which they will like because you would have been the only person in the world which would get them that. Like a chocolate penis, a sunflower plant, a bucket of Haagen-Dazs with two spoons, or a pound of awesome pot. This will make them feel like you care about them, so even if you don't you will still get laid.

The last variety of pepole out there are those that just don't give a shit about this stupid holiday. Now if you think about it why should you but flowers for your loved ones on this special day. Really it is much more romantic to buy flowers on a whim any day of the week. But that is a lot more expensive. And in our consistently money conscious capitalist haven that seems very important. BUT THAT SUCKS. So if you are normally romantic then you can decide to boycott this evil corporate holiday. However, if you are not Romeo or Juliet than goddamnit get over your foolish meandering, get someone you got the hots for something to make smile and have a good day.

## Star Wars: The XXX version Starring Chewbacca

In anticipation of Valentine's Day we at the Innis Herald decided it would be appropriate to review some films that you can share with your loved one(s). It's a wonderful thing to get together with your significant other (or four friends, as we did) and have a quiet evening at home with your TV, your VCR, and The Adventures of Barbara Bond.

To rent this film and many others one is in need of a video store membership. To obtain one of these, two of the Innis Herald staff went to the Adults Only Superstore on Yonge Street. The membership cost us \$35 and provided us with a free movie (available for rental in your Herald office), a Miss Nude Canada 1997 Calander (on display in your Herald office), an array of discounts and access to the libraries of Adults Only stores across the country. They even have little viewing rooms (with dirty seats.)

The following day, two Herald reporters (one from the earlier excursion) ventured into the Superstore to rent some films for the evening's viewing. Traveling up the long escalator to the upper level, filled exclusively with oodles of porn, anticipation oozed out of the ears (????!!!! ...ed) of the returning member of the staff. After glancing over the various categories of film which the store carried there was a feeling of confusion as to where to look for a suitable title. The most likely answer to our problems was to request help from one of the kind sales associates. The young lady that quickly and confidently educated us on the variety of porn out there miraculously helped us pick two titles to titillate our tastebuds and other bits. The Palace of Pleasure was a classic from the "Couples" section which was recommended for its high budget (fifty five million) and star studded cast (which included someone I swear was Molly Ringwald, but what are the odds?). The next feature, Hamlet 2: For the Love of Ophelia, was chosen from the "New Release" section, based on its spectacular scenery ("they did it on a turret!"), and apparent literary value, at least in that it promised olde English accents. The movies were paid for and placed in their infamous unmarked plastic bags. Before leaving we questioned the sales associate on what her mother thought about her working in that fine establishment. She laughed and replied that her mother thought it was funny. We thanked her profusely for her advice and the small favour she did for us in the backroom.

The first movie we watched was The Palace of Pleasure with a cast including Crystal Gold and Wes Hung, a lavish display of brothel scenery and awesome twenties and thirties' costumes (which had the strangest tendency to be rapidly removed). There was sort of a plot; a pimp and a madam in the Prohibition run a very exclusive casino slash brothel (top politicians and royalty only, thank you very much). Depending on what you win while gambling, you receive different services from the house. The ladies at the house are very flexible, both in body and in um... mind. They included a nymphet, an incredibly bosomy blonde, a slender brunette (who REALLY liked dildoes) and of course, the Madam herself. Chaste since her past lover's decease, at least with men, she was the ultimate prize and kind of the heroine of the flick. There are two cops who come to bust them but wind up being lured into the den of seduction (and are forced to pretend to be a couple and do it in front of the madam as part of a gambling win). Eventually it was obvious that the couple-swapping was bound to lead up to the Madam and the Cop. Their encounter was particularly noteworthy, involving lots of kissing, oral stimulation and the gratuitous twenty minute long bunny fuck. In comparison to Barbara Bond, that Tramp was a Lady.

Never Say Never Again: The Adventures of Barbara Bond was poorly structured around a James Bond formula and would be an insult to any fan of 007. The plot is as follows: Agent 0069 receives a phone call saying that her superior "Control" is being held hostage by the infamous Dr. Never and Bond must come (cum?) to Dr. Never to try and save her boss. Barbara is taken prisoner and her boss is fucked to death by the "Twisted Sisters." Barbara is forced to have sex with "Hand Job," the doctor's personal assistant and after wearing him out, handcuffs him to a tree. In the final confrontation, 0069 fucks Dr. Never and his assistant Eric on a strange apparatus (reminiscent of a 16th Century Birthing Stool) in his lab and successfully subdues them after a sex scene that went on for a very, very long time.

In its favour, the girls had relatively nice bods, Dr. Never had a massive penis ("incredible girth") and the movie wasn't too long on the whole. Not in its favour, the acting was pathetic, the bums had pimples, Dr. Never took off his shades, and the camera angles left you asking, "What the fuck is going on there?" And then other shots showed you way more than one would ever want to see. Whereas I suppose this could be construed as biased hearsay because I am not partial to anal penetration with a vibrator the size of a small water bottle, I think that I am entitled to my opinion as long as I do not ascribe it to any particular party, gender, species etc...

Hamlet 2 blew goats.

Pornography is an interesting form of entertainment. Those who enjoy it do so for thrills, but wherein do those thrills lie? Is it in the illicit act of watching, or is it in checking out the bodies on the cast and wishing you were there? Or is it just that watching other people get it off triggers hormones and shit and that makes people horny? Like most movie-watching, it's a question of personal taste and the lack thereof. And when does erotica become pornography? I suppose tune in to the sex page to find out next issue when we review The Story of O, Deep Throat and Lolita. Oh yeah, and Free Willy.



# STAR WARS

## Article IVa: The New Action Figures

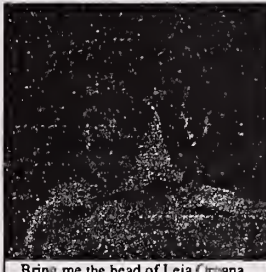
by Cass Enright

As you are reading this right now, mayhem has once again erupted in our society. Insanity has started in not only the science fiction community, but throughout the realm of human existence. This has not been felt since the summer of '77, the year George Lucas' *Star Wars* was unleashed on the urban centres of North America. This was the first film I ever saw on the big screen (the first film I remember seeing is *Empire*) and I continue to frequently watch it today, to reinforce my faith in the human spirit, in a time of essays, exams and much-too-hard-worked-for C+ grades. On January 31, *Star Wars: The Special Edition* was released to a new generation of youngsters unfamiliar with the saga that moulded the existence of the previous one. This newly remastered version features new special effects, a new soundtrack and the rarely-seen Jabba the Hutt in Docking Bay 94 scene with Han Solo, never finished in the 70s due to budget constraints. This film is a closer rendition of the vision George Lucas had in his head in 1976 and still lingers today. The two sequels will be released as well, on February 21st and March 7th, but without quite the enhancement as *A New Hope*. There will be more creatures in Mos Eisley, new footage of Stormtroopers on dewbacks and even Boba Fett, computer generated into the Jabba scene. This may seem like a long-winded appreciation of the film that changed my life, but it is not. I will reserve that prose for after I have actually seen the new film. This is about the little known but growing new line of action figures, completely remodelled from the line that was so immensely popular from 1977-85. In a possible attempt to regain my childhood, which disappeared with all my lost figures of the past, I have (with much hunting) collected all of the figures available in Canada so far. I will discuss them now.

In late 1995, the Power of the Force series wave 1 was released. The new figures feature completely new moulds in fixed poses (their knees and elbows will not move). For the most part, the figures are larger proportioned than the old ones, with the men featuring bulkier chests and defined muscles that were never there in the first place. Gone are the vinyl capes in favour of sculpted plastic. The first wave contained the originals from *A New Hope*: Luke in Tatooine gear, Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, Chewbacca, Darth Vader, Stormtrooper and Obi-Wan Kenobi. The figures have nicer paint jobs and overall shape than the original line. Unlike the originals, which featured straight legs and arms, the new figures have posed legs and arms. This makes all the figures individually shaped, not just seeming like they were all from the same mould. The most notorious figure from the first wave is Princess Leia, created with a overly-masculine looking face (is it proper to call her "handsome?") Due to this strange quality, Leia has become the most sought after and "rarest" of all the figures produced. I only got her very recently (Christmas) and I would have never found her myself, but my mother is a professional shopper and was able to find one for me (she also found an Elmo for my sister, who I must thank for finding some for me as well). The issue of scarcity of the new figures is a frustrating one for collectors. None of the figures are any "rarer" than others, that is, Kenner is not purposefully producing fewer, but rather the so-called figure "hoarders" or "scalpers" seem to determine the rarity of certain figures. I am collecting these figures for sheer love of Star Wars (and I purposefully render my figures worthless by liberating them from the cardboard backing), unfortunately there are collectors, "hoarders", who seem to be in it for the money. Your typical hoarder can be an annoying teenage punk or an unemployed middle-aged bum, spending their days going from store to store buying all the figures that are considered "rare," then selling them on the street for horrendous prices (a Leia would be priced around \$35-40 or more). An added problem is that some figures never make it to the shelves at all, the stockboys swiping them in the storeroom upon delivery. Since many figures are sought after, most of them are very difficult to find. In order to build a collection, one must compete against

the other true collectors plus the "hoarders" that will buy everything. Only by going to a store the day a shipment arrives can the "rarer" figures be found. This makes collecting very frustrating, however, with patience, a collection can be built, but prepare for endless trips to Wal-Mart and The Bay and finding nothing but Chewbaccas and R2-D2s (the commonest figures).

In early 1996, wave 2 was released, which featured some figures from *The Empire Strikes Back*. Included was Luke in X-Wing and Dagobah gear, Han Solo in Hoth gear, Lando Calrissian, Yoda, Tie Fighter Pilot and Boba Fett. This wave is generally better than the first, the figures not being as bulky (although Lando has



Bring me the head of Leia Organa.

quite the brawny chest) with nice detailing. The Boba Fett does not disappoint, it is a great figure all around. The Yoda figure comes with a backpack, which he can fit in on Dagobah Luke's back.

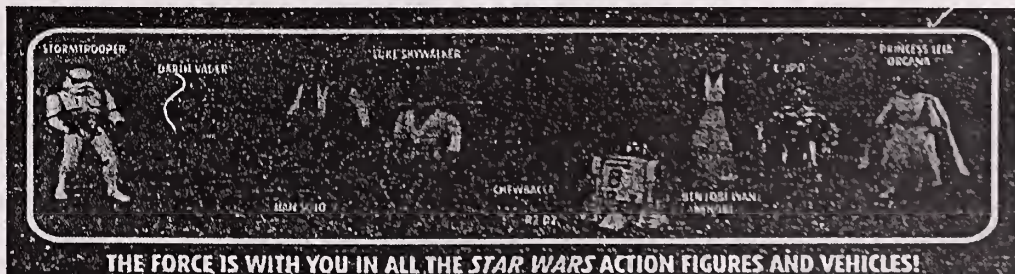
The issue of figure variations is important to die-hard \$\$ collectors, but not as much to me. Variations of figures include short/long lightsabers and slightly different paint jobs and cardboard backing. There are a large number of figure variations which do cause a certain figure to be rarer than others. However, whether or not Boba Fett's hand has a half-circle or a whole circle painted onto it is of little concern to me. I just thought I would mention this for completeness.

The third wave, appearing in late 1996, featured the "Shadows of the Empire" line, a series of fictional figures to accompany the novel, computer game, etc. of the same name. Only one Shadows of the Empire figure appears in any of the films, Leia in Boushh disguise. Tacked onto the end of the wave are two of the nicest figures yet, Han Solo in Carbonite and Jedi Knight Luke Skywalker. The Han Solo comes with the carbonite mould (very detailed) and a figure of him out of the chamber. The Jedi Luke is one of my favourites, slimmer with a removable full-length plastic cape and hood, and a green lightsaber. He stands in the centre of my Star Wars figure shelf. Also from *TESB* is IG-88, included in a two-pack with Boba Fett.

In 1997 new figures will be released at incredible rates. Just released last week in Canada is the fourth wave, featuring some more *A New Hope* figures. Included are: R5-D4, Jawa (in a two-pack), Hammerhead, Tusken Raider, Death Star Gunner, Greedo, Stormtrooper in Tatooine gear, and Luke in Stormtrooper gear, with removable helmet. Rumour tells me the fifth wave (from *The Empire Strikes Back*), due out in February in the States (give a month or two to package our French versions) will contain the 2-1B Medical Droid, Luke in Hoth gear, Hoth Rebel Soldier, AT-ST Driver and bounty hunter Bossk. The sixth wave (from *Return of the Jedi*), due in April in the U.S. features Lando in Skiff Guard disguise, Han in Endor gear, Emperor Palpatine and Bib Fortuna. There will be even more new figures released after that. The figure which I am personally anticipating the most is slave Leia from *Return of the Jedi*. Expect her to be the rarest of the rare among all who sat in awe during the Jabba's palace and sail barge scenes.

Congratulations if you have made it through this entire article. Only a true *Star Wars* fan could have, and I personally invite you to the next IBCS Pubcrawl for a beer and some *SW* talk. I have been collecting the figures since the summer, and I have managed to assemble the entire collection (all for regular price). As much as I am frustrated by the scarcity of certain figures and the endless shopping trips returning empty handed, the thrill of the hunt is exciting. Collecting these figures is a quest, one that can come to fruition with a little legwork and ingenuity.

NEXT ISSUE: The Star Wars article saga continues, with a review of the new Special Edition and reminiscence of the summer of '77...





# Thirsty

## The Beers of Love '97

by Cass Enright

As another Valentine's Day drifts into our lives, most of us think of love, or lack thereof, but usually end up turning to alcohol either way. Last February I wrote the Beers of Love, an article detailing a number of red, amber and other love themed beers. These beers were appropriate to share with a loved one, or to help forget about what didn't work out. Last year at this time I was drowning my heart-breaks with the help of those brews, and this year I will unfortunately have to do the same. There are some fine new beers available that might help in our collective therapy, or joy.

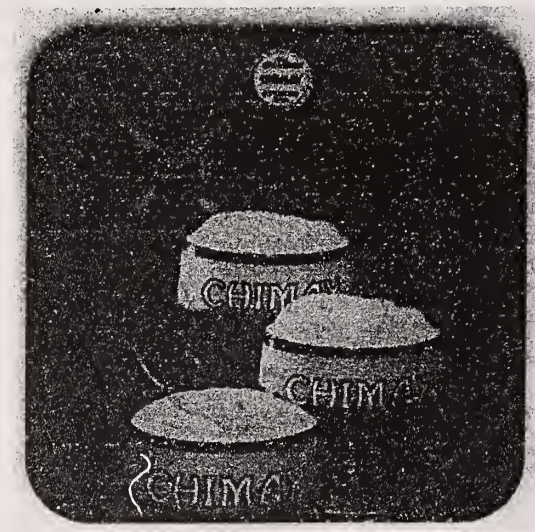
One of my favourites to accompany a wailing "my life is finished" session is Unibroue's *La Fin du Monde*. The name translates into "the end of the world," and this is a premonition that most have felt throughout the lulls in our love lives. This may be a great beer for sorrow, but optimism is a trait of my personality I can't seem to shake. Get right back on that horse, so to speak. So if seduction by intoxication is your strategy, there are a few beers in Ontario that will aid in your quest. By far Ontario's strongest beer is Copperhead Brewing's Centennial Bk from Ottawa. This beer, like Samuel Adams Triple Bock could probably be more appropriately named "liquid death." At 18% (god almighty!) this beer not only packs a punch, it kicks you when you're down. Water compared to the Centennial Bk, Glatt Bros.' Barleywine is a friendlier strong ale. Winner of the Gold medal in the strong ale category at the Great Canadian Beer Festival in September, this brew is a more satisfying way of getting ripped with someone special. Debuting at Toronto LCBO stores only January 18, this 9% alcohol ale is a very reasonable \$1.75 per 355 mL bottle.

The possibility of romance is always heightened during a cappuccino by candlelight. This philosophy can be extended to a couple of new coffee flavoured beers, ideal for sharing by a flickering flame. The Glatt Bros.' Espresso Stout is a worthy replacement of its bot counterpart, providing a boost of energy for a night of activity. Instead of a flavoured coffee, perhaps Rogue's Hazelnut Brown Nectar, a brown ale with a shot of hazelnut extract might suffice.

Fruit beers are always enjoyable, usually providing a colourful brew spectacle to share with a sweetheart. Rogue's Rngue-N-Berry is a deep purple coloured beer, flavoured with the Pacific Northwest hybrid of marionberries (a cross between raspberry, blackberry and cranberry). This beer has a nice fruity aroma and is easily drinkable, quickly aiding a possible goal of Valentine's intoxication.

Finally, for those who are unfortunately in the depths of sorrow, there are two beers that may ease your frustrations while instilling a foundation of hope for the future. There is nothing like a beer that seems to relate to society's problems, and for many men out there, Chimay Blue does just that. A 9% Trappist ale from world brewing leader Belgium, one must sympathize with the monks who brew this beer. If you think you're in a drought, these brewers have been channeling all their energy into their fine ales, and one must wonder if they are subtly referring to their predicament. Alas, maybe it isn't that bad for us after all. Lastly, for a good round-the-table opposite sex hate discussion, nothing could compliment this quite like Copperhead's Scream'n Beaver Lager. I don't think this brew warrants any explanation.

I would like to wish everyone a Happy Valentine's Day, and if anyone would like to sample *une bière d'amour*, the President of the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society will be hosting private tastings in the upcoming weeks.



Belgian Trappist Chimay Blue - those monks must be really aching.

## IBCS does UC

a message from the President of the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society

The IBCS continued its successful integration of good beer into Innis College with the latest pubcrawl and brewery tour on Saturday, January 25th. Feeling like pre-dawn to most of us, we gathered at Innis College at 12:30 pm and began our beer quest. We TTC'd down to the Upper Canada Brewing Company (2 Atlantic Ave.), just south of King St. and east of Bathurst St. Upper Canada presents a good tour, with plenty of free samples and bar chat. Arriving at the brewery right on time at 1:30, we proceeded to the bar where we were introduced to UC's six taps, and promptly given a four-ounce sample. On tap were UC's flagship brands, Lager and Dark Ale, plus Rebellion Lager and Ale, their Light Lager, and this season's special edition, the Winter Brew. Another few samples were enjoyed before the actual tour began. Our guide explained the four ingredients they use (water, barley, yeast and hops) and how many Molson and Labatt uses (100+). He passed around three different kinds of barley malt for sampling (they make great pub snacks!) We were subsequently led through the brew tank area, the fermenters, the filters, the lab and the bottling line. Frankly, all brewery tours are quite boring for most of us. All to see in a brewery is a lot of tanks, pipes and faceless machinery. (After a few experiences with homebrewing, however, I did find the tour much more interesting.) Yet we all smiled and nodded with interest awaiting our next sample. We moved back to the bar for another few drinks. Not only did we try their taps, we were given samples out of bottles if we wished, to taste their full lineup. Also sampled were their True Bock, Wheat and Publican's Bitter (I don't think anyone tried the Point Nine.) Unfortunately their Pale Ale was out of stock and could not be sampled. I liked their Winter Brew this year, much better than last year's initial batch. This year's version has more flavour than the much-too-alcoholic taste from last year. The True Bock was also tasty. Much to our disappointment was the news that their Colonial Stout, one of their more interesting brews, has been discontinued. The reasoning was since they expanded their lineup with the Winter Brew, Summer Brew and extra Rebellion, Colonial Stout was crowded out. Overall, it was a good tour. We were given a reasonable number of samples before we were cut off, and our guide was friendly, fairly knowledgeable and willing to tend to our brew inquiries. Personally I feel UC does not produce the highly innovative brews necessary for a discerning connoisseur. However, they make a fine selection of "standard" ale and lager styles, and are a great place for a budding fine ale drinker to go and try something different. (If you want a killer tour, however, Niagara Falls is the place to go.) UC Tours are 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30, I think daily. Tours must be reserved in advance.

After we finished off our last samples, we headed off to the next destination of drinking. Let it be noted that this Pubcrawl was an actual crawl and not just a Pubsit. We drank at three different bars on Saturday, two more than any Pubcrawl in the past. We hopped on the King streetcar down to Milwaukee's Beerateria, a victim of the IBCS last year as well. Milwaukee's has super-cheap food (banquet burgers with fries for \$4.50), a decent selection of taps and a large menu of bottled beers. We had lunch and some Creamore pitchers, but the best was yet to come. This was C'est What.

Since the IBCS' inception, it had been a desire of the President to lead the hard drinkers of Innis to arguably Toronto's best beer pub, C'est What. Unfortunately, it is a very small pub, and a large group on a Friday night cannot be accommodated. However, on a Saturday afternoon it is quite quiet. We travelled into the depths of the pub and had some of the best beer of the afternoon. C'est What has a fine selection of homebrews (four or five), two Wellington cask ales, and a number of Ontario and Alberta microbrews. No Molson or Labatt are served on premises here. They had two new beers on Saturday, Quebec's Brasal Amber and Woodbridge's White Star Ale. I had a Niagara Falls Apple Ale.

The crawl finally broke up in early evening, after a fine day'o' drinking. The IBCS continues to educate and enlighten willing Innis students on the merits of good beer. The IBCS may not host another Pubcrawl until close to the end of the year, similar to the school-end bash of '95-'96. Watch out for info at the College.



Scream'n Beaver - ideal for Innis consumption.

Ottawa:







# The Star Wars Special

## Everything you ever wanted to know about Star Wars ... but were afraid to ask

))A ripple in the fabric of time coherent. The release is amongst us. Here at last it breathes, and consumes, growing daily stronger with the ever chanting chorus of consent. A portal has been opened to us, one with the potential to initiate a process for reconstructing a lived reality from the threadbare remnants of what once was poignant & nourishing. ))Luke Skywalker is the designated hero in a futuristic World War II Western high tech Buddhist parable of 'a boy, a girl, and a galaxy' (admittedly far fetched - hey, it worked for Lucas) that transcended all previously conceived notions of cinema and swept millions into the realm of suspended imagination. While we sat numbed and transfixed, popcorn untear, real world ideas such as audience identification, box-office, cultural icon, optic cone meltdown and sophomore jinx were being obliterated. But all that happened a long time ago, relatively speaking. ))I am about to delve somewhat in my own personal Star Wars experience. For those who have their own perspective please feel free to pass over the next few paragraphs and skip directly to where it says 'Lucas is a god' in large bold letters. ))Outside the cinema the man in the entry level slate-blue jacket and tie nodded in near imperception and the lining up was ended, giving way to the beginnings of delicate communal thrill. The very juggle-struggle for position was a task unto itself despite the absurdity of any bad seat concept at an event of such pure, pureness. ))The house, one of what? Several thousand just like it around North America through the day, projected a subdued trying laced with confidence. Trying what I do not know as the whole thing could not go very near wrong, but the confidence! Hardly concealed it was so, deliciously bald - people were running to their seats. Once settled the true waiting began. Alone. Each of us was suddenly alone with expectations clouded by years of growing up without ever challenging the memories and devotions of our very own Homeric code. We have grown to learn of politics, of human frailty and limitations, and, foremost, of inhibitions. Aye, there's the rub. The realization I am about to undergo something viciously intimate in front of strangers. Lavishing in the splendour of a collective public veg-out aside, Star Wars has a stream of the personal within so many, and the threat to this (forgivable) solipsism carried weight enough to chisel away at the euphoric side of anticipation; furthermore, the house before ours did not dance out of the aisles, they were ambiguous at best. Whoa! Drowning in memory surf. Luke, save me. Ben. Beeehnn!!! I am about to encounter the Force, but I'm all grown up now. And there is the central question. Now, here, in a post innocence stage of life can Luke, admittedly somewhat of a nerf-herder carry me to a suspension of disbelief powerful enough to experience this event. Like Red Leader asks, while the only squadron of the Rebels fleet towards their waiting attack vehicles "Aren't you Luke Skywalker?" ))About a year and a half ago I lost the ability to suspend all disbelief. Characters turned into actors interpreting character, identification is now less powerful than perceived plausibility and story action cannot be separated from its inherent socio-political context; furthermore, alien landscapes and stellar craft interiors, mirthlessly, have been reduced in the best of cases to a status of 'clever sets or 'well lit' studios. Alas, sometimes I envy Peter Pan and his world of insecure immaturity. I was concerned this absence on my part would inhibit my enjoyment of The Event, but skill of the original directing, making the camera adhere to the "spider on the wall" principle was powerful enough to overcome even this adult obstacle. The Force can truly have a great influence on the weak minded. But I digress. The point I was trying to make is that the improved visual texture of The Commemorative Edition worked, and worked well, as far as its intention to keep the film fresh after a twenty year hiatus. The scenes coded as effects orientated remained impressive and hence the script avoided any barren or awkward moments, impetus was not lost and the potential of audience - story synergy displacement never reared its unwelcome discordance. In brief the movie was made real again -Hooray- ))Beyond this lies respect for the scenes that weren't particularly enhanced. The Death Star interior is still the inside of an evil space station and not some Danish-post-Modern Ikea outlet. Eating dinner with Aunt Beru and Uncle Owedo did not lose one breadth of their planetness and, most measured of all - inside the Falcon - the instant we walked inside that hunk of junk in docking bay ninety-four never has been so satisfyingly real. Lucas once convinced a team of people, actual cogent adults to construct the entire thing out of metal. Such vision. And so real that I've been there, plugging 3-D holographic battle chess on a round game board, cursing whoever designed the cockpit with only four chairs, smuggling myself into the false floor Spice holds, nipping upstairs for a jaunting round of tie fighter skeet practice. Whoa! Really check here. Am I really at the Cineplex York theater? Is this actually a bag of buttered popcorn? Oh, who's got time for details, Han's already telling Ben he'd better strap himself in - the nava-computer's almost finished course plotting and we're about to make the jump into hyper-space! ))I wanted to take the opportunity to scrutinize the 'envelope' of the story as an

adult reality, to see beyond characters and dialogue and into the scenes' individual discourse with society in relation to the movie's central impetus. How does this script establish theme? What is Lucas' intent towards the average conformist who will only show up once the phenomenon has become socially unavoidable? What kind of action coding is used to convey relevant textual points to the intended child audience while maintaining a dialogue with their concerned parents? Say you can wrap your brain around the concept of blocking out the calculated effect of music and visuals and simply watch the show for what is being said by the story, as opposed to in the story. Most of the well-past-adolescence audience would have been relating what they were watching to established and/or familiar contemporaneous narratives, or trying their damndest at least. By watching for an hour 'in their moccasins' perhaps you'll manage to understand why it was not actually painful for your parents to quit cold turkey after two screenings, if that. ))The opening shots of a floating planet, combating space crafts and androids talking over a blaring siren conveys little meaning beyond 'science-fiction', 'something chaotic is happening', and 'Wow. That ship is big. Especially when you factor in the smaller ship which is no piddly three man cockpit'. So far Act I (all 37 seconds of it) is nothing more than a brusque marquee summary. "So why has my child effectively left the building?" ))What? You're not already enraptured by the story? Boom! Too bad sucker! You've just joined the ranks of youngishly middle aged khaki panted bicycle helmeted Bantha fodder (read Consular guards) dropping like flies. Yes, one hesitation and the power of the dark side sweeps right over you in waves of freaked-out looking armour-plated automaton nightmare-inducing crack unit war clones mowing down whatever is moving not nearly fast enough. Still standing? Unwilling to be mesmerized? Perhaps you'll enjoy watching as your human leader is suspended two feet above customary boot level until his thorax is crushed by 'a man dressed entirely in jet blackness'. ))The emphasis of the opening scene has now shifted. Somewhere along the lines of 'Hi, we're the storm troopers and its our duty to inform you of impending maniacism - there will be a lot of fun happening here over the next two hours, though probably quite unlike any episode of David and Goliath' would not be too far wrong. Families have been split into the 'Can't talk - processing' troupe and the 'What the hell is happening' faction and nowhere does it say 'do not be alarmed, your offspring will be returned to you by dinner time,' which admittedly would be totally untrue anyhow. Unwitting parents were simply left holding the popcorn and prodding their young - 'are you still in there? Hello?' Basically the shrewd ones hoped that R2's stoic confidence would be enough to protect their child's delicate psyche from total rupture.

...so by the time we're in the elevator Han, Chewie and Luke face an erroneous door for one second and I slip into a rare and beautiful forgotten chuckle which in turn becomes again a tingling memory surf. Willing myself to re-establish focus in time to catch Han trying to act - "He's loose!" - I draw upon the powers of my mental trampoline & launch into acrid clarity.

We're in the detention center, the first instance of the underground smuggling duo and the farm boy working together. It is mere seconds before the three heroes kill everyone and blast down everything in an excessively enjoyable pyrotechnics' manic short-opera and the relentless drive of action breaks for a minute pause. Will their skemes->>> work? A revelation hits me, a thundering ambient tranquillity leaps off the screen and I am flushed. Right there, for that one moment, in plain view for all to see and from which to learn stand two shinning fully decked-out EuroHousers flanking this enormous hard-core Junglist, and the trio seem fully intent on a barefaced invasion of the establishment's most highly secured institution with designs of springing loose the boss' daughter. The game plan quickly dissipates wherein the radiant princess, Leia leads them (dare I say) down the shoot and into the mosh pit. ))In simplest terms Star Wars is all about one moment. The two minute sequence building up to the destruction of the death star is etched at least faintly on the retinal tracings of something like 3 billion humans and by turn has potentially entered into the sphere of what Jung describes as the collective sub-conscious. Really, for first time viewers the whole of the final battle, and in turn the whole movie itself hinges upon the realization of this scene. Subsequently there are two ways to categorize individuals in relation to their personal Star Wars experience: By age as taken in 1977 (primary consideration), and by which of the three episodes did they first do in an actual movie theater (secondary linear affectation) - anyone who knows the R.H.P.Show will attest to the vast superiority of a live cinema experience over watching the video or the laser disc. Even reading the comic book adaptation pales in comparison to 'Big Screen - Big Sound'.

))The two systems of classification are linked by something called the 'magic age formula', basically a highly complex

chain of socio-cultural identification keys which can be summarized fairly simply - old enough to follow a continuous story and young enough to appreciate an unknown ending. Exhaustive research has led to two conclusions: Anyone under 5 or 6 suffers from lack of narrative depth cohesion. Though able to fret about hero character about to die' lost is the momentous impact of 'God help us, the Rebellion is going to fall and nothing will stop those creeps and their weapon of unspeakable power!' At the other end of the spectrum, any older than about 15 or a sprightly 13 and a half and the one prevalent thought carrying through the final battle is likely to be 'of course he's going to blow up the damn thing - it's a movie. Everybody in-between dropped their load, missed two beats and lived one of the most thrilling vicarious moments in dramatic history: Vader has him -in -his -sights! ))However, I don't mean to sound like it is an exclusive club of people touched by Lucas, merely it was the particular flavour of my good fortune. The range and scope of Star Wars is far too magnificent for one all powerful interpretation and that brings us back to the secondary classification principle. Once this primary consideration is excepted it is an easy step to translate the magic age window from the fixed date of '77 into a question of which chapter did you see big-screen first? Ask around, most people will tell you that is their favourite of the three. ))Anyway, enough about Jedi. I'll give you a prime example from the commemeration which demonstrates the added dimension of live cinema, one that puts video viewing to a proper shame. Down at the rebel base the secret plans have revealed a convenient flaw in the design of the space station and with its impending arrival in Yavin space the fighter pilots are assembled for a rush briefing. Already dressed for combat they sit four rows deep watching the central monitor. The camera is directly behind them. We are looking at the same monitor. We are arranged in similarly designed rows. Effectively we are now part of the alliance, provided the scope of the medium used is large enough to complement the desired scale. On video it is closer to watching the events on a closed circuit security monitor. A minor detail to be sure, but without it the semblance of being a part of all this amazing stuff is sadly absent))Interestingly enough there was originally to be a short scene right before the briefing chamber. Luke walks into the pilot's locker room and starts to make small talk with some of the rebels. Despite learning about the force, rescuing the princess, meeting the last of the Jedi, and surviving a dozen near death encounters he is still a little in awe of the others. Porkins sees his discomfort and asks Luke if he needs help choosing a locker. Luke jumps all over the offer, "Boy do I! I'm still a little flustered - Its my first day in the rebellion!" Apparently Lucas cut the scene a few weeks before production began and decided not to include it as part of the restoration.

It is no coincidence this 'put them in the picture' scene came when it did. The impetus of the plot since the opening prologue until now is summarized by 'Must get secret plans to rebel base'. Similarly, the next segment reads 'must sprout armored torpedoes down exhaust shaft' and in-between is the secret base and the parting of the heroes. Biggs' scene was not worked back into the early part of the movie, as had commonly been expected, rather we are purposefully tripped up inside the rebel hanger. All other business having now been dealt with a dejected Luke is heading off to his X-wing station and subsequent destiny, meanwhile an expectant audience buckles itself in for the nostalgic mind warp immediately ahead. Out of nowhere - "Luke! I don't believe it! How did you get here?" "Biggs!!!"

My sentiments exactly. Conjunctive joy simultaneously erupts from both character and audience, talk about hero identification. But hey, this is no time to hang about, there's a mission going on and a man known only as Red Leader comes over to hush the commotion. "Aren't you Luke Skywalker? Have you been checked out on the new Incom T-65?"

The Final Battle. No words to describe this. Utter. That's about it. Worth every effort of having stayed alive thus far. And finally it happened. Luke, alone in the trench is failing to maintain distance from the enemy. A few deft dark side moves and Vader has him -in -his -sights! The movie, not surprisingly, has been truly great and here I am, surrounded by new friends, celebrating one of the happiest moments I once d

FLASH, Non-huh?-sequitor, confusion ----- HAN! HEHAAAHNN !!! Oh yeah, I totally forgot you were going to do that. I totally forgot you existed. It's all real again. My Innocence. Beauty.

### LUCAS IS A GOD

Question: How did he pull off a twenty year old surprise ending? What were the keys to this innocence found? Next time.

This has been AgentDan. Special thanks to Princess Leia Good-bye.



# Entertainment

## Quick Takes

### Marvin's Room - \*\*\*

This is a compelling family drama involving a white-trash mom, her delinquent son, and her sister who (after fifteen years of not speaking to her), calls to tell her she has leukemia. This sets the stage for arguments, tears, and few true resolutions.

The "family drama" genre has been done again and again, but Marvin's Room adds a new feel. Not just the incorporation of white-trash Americana, but of the important dialogue that continues between the family members, all of whom are at odds with each other. Although this film is generally emotionally exhausting, it has its funny moments as well, to bring us up before we plunge with the characters yet again. A highly recommendable movie.

### The English Patient - \*\*\*\*

This is a very long, drawn out film surrounding the mystery of a man, (circa World War II) with amnesia and his lover to whom he refers as his wife. This suspense drama employs beautifully plotted flashbacks with style and grace, and the transitions are smooth and indiscernable, yet not confusing in the slightest. The movie has a lush visual appeal, much of it taking place in Africa, and the narrative is equally engaging and complex. It is a beautiful and sad story by Michael Ondaatje, wonderfully brought to life on the big screen.

### The People Vs. Larry Flynt - \*\*\*\*

An important film about the liberation of freedom of the press, Courtney Love is absolutely stunning in her role as Larry Flynt's fourth wife, a stripper and a junkie. Who could predict that the screaming goddess of grunge could act so brilliantly? Although in real life, Flynt's daughter has made allegations that her father sexually abused her for years, and the movie portrays him as being too charismatic and friendly, this film, if nothing else, is historically important, and very, very entertaining. This film is an absolute must see.

### Les Parapluies de Cherbourg - Rerelease in revue cinemas - \*\*\*

Catherine Deneuve plays a pregnant teenager whose boyfriend has been called to army duty in 1950's France. This movie is highly unique because the entire thing is sung. Even normal dialogue is done in the style of an operatic recitatif. Deneuve's little voice is perfect for her role (imagine Susan Sarandon in The Rocky Horror Picture Show), and this film is highly emotional and heart-wrenching, while being highly original and entertaining.

### Beavis and Butt-head Do America - \*\*\*\*\*

Like, huh...huh, huh, huh. Like, huh, cool! Get really stoned (or bazooed on caffeine, whichever your preference may be) and forget that a world with problems exists outside the cinema doors. Absolutely, stupidly hilarious!

## HAILING ALL TAXIS

Kate Davis

Cool things happen in taxis. Or at least they can, if you possess any shred of imagination. I think it is safe to assume that you have had some, if not many memorable experiences involving taxis, taxi drivers, small enclosed spaces, small enclosed spaces containing hoards of people...We have probably all had our share of psychotic/combustible taxi drivers, taxis that speed faster than the Millennium Falcon, being ejected from a cab for upsetting its delicate inner equilibrium, or some other minor incidents that were perhaps not so 'minor'. And if not, I regret to inform you that you have missed out on a very entertaining part of life.

To set the atmosphere - you are in London, speeding along in one of those serious black cabs, sitting backwards as many adventurous and creative taxi riders do. Perhaps you are narrowly avoiding collisions in Mexico City while riding in a bright lime-green shell-of-a-Volkswagen-bug-taxi, where the flimsy plastic 'safety' handles have been curiously ripped out of the ceiling. You could even be in New York - need I say more? Anyway, the point of my rambling is to prepare you for an entertaining rendez-vous with a must-see video called Night On Earth. Written and directed by Jim Jarmusch, this is a film in five parts that tells of the events that take place in taxis in five different cities.

The first two segments are set in American cities; Los Angeles and New York respectively. The LA cast features Winona Ryder as 'Corky', driver of cab 36, and Gena Rowlands as a casting agent who takes a ride from the airport to Beverly Hills. I have one word for this storyline: cliché. I thought I was suffering a monster attack of déjà vu involving every other movie set in Hollywood that I have ever seen. This is the one part of the film that doesn't fit with the rest; the characters are shallow (the script didn't help) and the storyline is painfully obvious. However, if you can make it through this part (fast-forward if you must), you won't be disappointed. Next we move to Times Square in New York City, where YoYo is a guy desperate for a cab ride to Brooklyn. Jarmusch's humour becomes apparent when YoYo is picked up by Helmut, a German (ex-clown) cab driver who can't drive and can barely speak English. Rosie Perez, belligerent as Angela, almost steals the scene.

The rest of the film has subtitles, as we travel to Paris, and then to Rome and Helsinki. The French segment presents a unique view of prejudice (racial versus blindness) while successfully avoiding a trip down the slippery slope of preachy political correctness. This scene is a myriad of creative subtleties and intelligent, witty dialogue. Rome is the setting for a hilariously entertaining story of sex, death, sin and inventive confessions, involving the taxi driver Gino, punks as sex objects, a priest and a pair of transvestites. In my opinion, not only is this one of the best-developed scenes, but at the beginning, Roberto Bendini (Gino) is captivating on his own. The final story, which takes place in the early hours of the morning in Helsinki, displays some excellent unconscious and drunken acting while striking a perfect balance between solemnity and humour. The ending is exquisite.

Most of the film is dialogue-driven, and with an original script presented by a diverse and talented cast, the characters are believable and very entertaining. Director of photography Frederick Elmes includes some creative shots, and Jarmusch's humour is infectious. So the next time you are at home and in the mood (? - why not?) hop into a cab and take a trip (ditto) to the nearest video store - for your viewing pleasure.



## Les Voleurs

Starring Catherine Deneuve and Daniel Auteil

Directed by Andre Techine

Running Time 117 minutes

Theft is the theme in this brilliant french film, but not just theft of material possessions. Theft of emotions is the driving force behind this psychological thriller involving a stolen car ring, a love triangle, and a family situation which appears to be beyond repair.

Alex is a cop (Daniel Auteil; Ma Saison Preferee, Jean de Florette, Manon des Sources) whose father and brother Ivan run a stolen car ring. After his brother's death, although he has been long estranged from the family, Alex feels compelled to investigate his brother's murder. Through flashbacks, we follow the circumstances leading up to Ivan's death, as well as those surrounding a mysterious affair Alex is having with a young woman named Juliette. What begins as a sex-driven, detached relationship begins to disturb Alex as he learns that Juliette is having a love affair with a philosophy professor played by Catherine Deneuve (The Hunger, Belle de Jour, Parapluies de Cherbourg).

This movie is intensely disturbing, off-setting in the same way as The Godfather. It blends attempted family values with crime, as well as focusing intensely upon human relationships. The dynamic between Alex and his family and Alex and his lovers is complex, and the film never leaves us with any solid ground to feel comfortable with. Like in real life, many issues remain unresolved, which accounts for the discomfort felt throughout the movie, not only by the audience, but clearly by the characters.

Visually, this film is quite stunning, employing few bright colours, but an earthy palette which becomes quite vivid. The cinematographic style is slowly paced for the most part, and it allows tension to develop throughout.

Andre Techine comments about Alex's character "The battle against himself, against his entourage, his own family, with the questions and obstacles he runs into...all these things interest me, because they're at the heart of human experience."



## Angels in America

W. N. O'Higgins

Angels in America, a play in two parts performed by the Canadian Stage Company, is not typical entertainment for a University student. With a total running time of seven hours and a single ticket for both shows running to over \$30, this play does not exactly fit into a student's budget, financially or temporally. I was given the opportunity to see this show through the Trinity College AIDS Awareness Committee, which provided tickets at a reasonable price.

### Mrs. Hope, Hollywood Psychic

-Prediction: Next years beauty pageants will include new categories Terrific Toddlers, Beautiful Babies, and Fantastic Foemises.

-Rodney Dangerfield is back yet again in "Meet Wally Sparks". Oh, dear! Prediction: Not only will the film be a shameful flop, but Dangerfield will finally realize that his entire career was based upon people making fun OF him, not of his jokes. He will buy a time-share condo in Florida, and go shuffleboarding with the other oldsters.

-Gillian Anderson of the X-Files makes a racy appearance at an awards ceremony with a dress so racy, it appears that she has lost her underoos. Prediction: An upcoming episode of the X-Files will involve a UFO abduction—of Scully's lingerie drawer!

-Brooke Shields is back in "Suddenly Susan", a new sitcom. It is a relief alone to know that she is finally off the Broadway cast of "Grease", where she negatively re-defined Rizzo.

Prediction: Brooke will make a splash return to singing in the never-ending Toronto production of "Phantom of the Opera". She will be forced to pluck even more brow, but she certainly won't be singing any worse than the current starlette.

-Madonna is raking in the compliments due to her role in Evita. It seems clear that the pop queen has really outdone herself this time.

Prediction: Madonna will give up her career as pop/trash slut queen to become a Broadway singer. Her first role will be as Rizzo, replacing Brooke Shields.

-Sincere condolences to comedian Bill Cosby and family on his recent loss. Prediction: Ennis Cosby is gone, but will never be forgotten.

This show consumed the lion's share of my Saturday, but I do not regret the time in the slightest. The play is not too complex or "literary", which as an English Specialist I am on guard for, and it paces well. Most of the first movement is involved with the introduction of the characters, two of them suffering from AIDS and the rest involved with these two in a web of connections that occasionally breaks the bonds of possibility, but is fascinating none-the-less. Written in the mid-eighties, this play deals extensively with the effect of AIDS on gay men, and issues of male homosexuality in general. It is the time of Reagan (whom many Herald readers will only vaguely remember) and the period when what was known about AIDS was poorly understood and its effects were being felt most acutely by the most people. In spite of this play being very much of its time, it is no less valid now. Dealing with human sexuality is no less difficult or problematic today than it was then, and the relationships explored in Angels can instruct and disturb all of us.

The second movement of the play is concerned with resolution, with finding ways to live in a troubled world, a world which has been abandoned by god. The conclusion of the play is hard to describe, as it revolves around the process of letting go and holding on, but it is very effective, disturbing and thought provoking. The entirety of the play is well produced and acted, with the tone of the production masterfully arranged. There are no laughs where the director does not want them, and the laughter is often used to unsettle rather than reduce tension. Nudity does not titillate, but rather exposes the audience as much as the actor in moments of painful vulnerability. This play will leave an audience feeling powerfully ambivalent, likely requiring a long dénouement.

Angels in America has been held over, and if you can find a way, I recommend seeing it. Don't only see one half though, as both are incomplete without the other. For many movie goers seeing a play is a startling experience in contrast. Even the best film lacks the immediacy of theatre, and theatre is not as often pre-digested pap for a lethargic, uneducated American audience, but rather function as a medium for more than just story-telling. As a film viewer I experienced a fond homecoming by returning to the theatre. Try it.

### ADORING THE WHORE

Kate Davis

Romeo and Juliet in hell. Well, not quite, but John Ford's play 'Tis Pity She's a Whore' is a story of Star-crossed lovers (taking into consideration that they are brother and sister) whose love-affair instigates a vengeful series of what may be loosely termed domestic 'Wars'.

This Jacobean play was first staged in 1639. Set in Italy (since it was unthinkable that such a chain of events should take place in England), 'Tis Pity She's a Whore' is a tale of forbidden love, revenge, violence and corruption. The drama of this time was often considered to be 'sensational', and storylines tended to involve violent or extreme action on the part of the characters. However, despite the issue of incest in this particular story, it is not the play's sole focus. The story does revolve around Giovanni's and his sister Annabella's love for each other. Their mutual promise 'love me or kill me' inevitably dictates a tragic ending to an impossible situation. Although elements of love, abuse and cruel injustice compose this work, they are related and viewed in such a manner that convention and predictability do not mar a powerful story.

The recent production at the Robert Gill Theatre at College and St. George was an artistic and imaginative approach to the presentation of John Ford's play. The smaller theatre space worked for the production; the confined area and close proximity of the actors to the audience helped to focus the energy and action and reinforce the intensity of mood. This intensity was not fully revealed until the second act. However, the events leading to the dramatic climax were hardly monotonous, and the increasing tension was obvious. The action seldom slowed, and some of the characters were captivating. A few performances worth noting - Tamara Romanchuk was extremely sympathetic and convincing as Putana, Annabella's nurse; Peter Cockett as Bonaventura the Friar; and Vasques played by John Cleland.

Although the play's main storyline was very powerful, it seemed that sub-plot ideas lacked similar strength and sense of purpose. The apparent symbolism in this work manifested itself in such scenes as the banquet, when Giovanni presents Annabella's heart, and in other minor subtleties such as the irony of Annabella's constant white dress. Martha Mann's costumes were conspicuously colourless, and so was the simple but inventive and functional set. In the end, the darkness and monotony increased the impact and link between Giovanni's blood-stained shirt and the brilliant red and pink robes of the Cardinal. Shauna Dobbie maintained the play's focus with some creative and dramatic lighting ideas, especially in the scene of Annabella's condemnation.

Tragic to the end, the resolution of events may not satisfy everyone, but no one is left unaffected. Unlike Oedipus, Giovanni and Annabella far from ignorant of the reality of their actions, and subsequently they made a conscious choice. Although it has been said that the storyline is similar to that of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, the lovers become murderous instead of suicidal. 'Tis Pity She's a Whore' is a play that vividly illustrates the dire consequences that can be suffered had you that society (however corrupt it may be) deems 'rational'.

### Citizen Ruth

Starring Laura Dern, Swoosie Kurtz, and Mary Kay Place

Directed by Alexander Payne

Running Time: 106 minutes

Alexander Payne's first feature film presents us with a bold and whimsical social satire that, although humorous, presents a very important interpretation of a major social concern. Abortion acts as the issue which demonstrates the extent to which our individual choices are honoured by society. This theme of individuality is key to the film, and abortion is an appropriate subject to use to deal with it due to the spectrum of opinions surrounding the topic.

Laura Dern (Jurassic Park, Blue Velvet, Wild at Heart) plays Ruth Stoops, a chemical huffing junkie who's on the down and out. After her umpteenth arrest for inhaling toxic substances, she is charged with willfully endangering her unborn foetus. But behind closed doors, the judge tells her that if she "takes care of her problem", he may reduce the charges. Mary Kay Place (Private Benjamin,

Bound For Glory, The Big Chill) and Swoosie Kurtz (Sisters, New York production of Six Degrees of Separation) play well meaning Christians who take Ruth in. They beg her not to abort, but to have the child and give it up for adoption. The movie proceeds to take hilarious twists and turns, satirizing overbearing Christians alongside the militant feminists who later take Ruth in.

Dern is fabulous as the semi-retarded Ruth; her addiction to inhaling spray paint has left her brain permanently damaged. Dern is very convincing in this role, stating that "Ruth is someone who is very simple and organic in her needs...[but] she is forced to have a sense of self, and to figure out what she wants to do. Just discovering your own voice, and finding out that you have to make a decision may make you get your act together enough to have an opinion." It is, in fact, Ruth's opinion that every other character in the film is waiting on. There is a wager higher than Ruth's own opinion: which of the two fanatic parties will share in a national victory over the other. The issue of the individual versus society is highly prevalent in this film, as well as the issue of how much rights over one's own life a mentally challenged person should have.

Payne manages to take a very controversial subject and bring it back down to earth where it can be dealt with reasonably. The movie creates an atmosphere where both Pro-Choice and Pro-Lifers can laugh at themselves and each other, and yet realize that there

may yet be a comfortable medium to be found. This is a very important film, because through satire, it allows us all to put the issue into perspective, but even more importantly, to realize that the choices ultimately are our own.



# Art Et Lit

## Featured Writer of the Month Lincoln Trudeau

What's in a name? When I first published the poem "Mixed Messages" in last month's *Innis Herald*, I felt sure that Lincoln Trudeau was publishing his work under a pseudonym. Foot-in-mouth, the first thing I had to ask when I met him for the interview was what his real name was. Lincoln showed relatively little surprise at my suspicions and offered a cynical explanation: "My parents wanted something unusual. I think it was an experiment. They had three kids, two with normal names and one freak. I guess they wanted to see if it had an adverse effect." (The interviewer reserves the right to no comment here) When asked for the origin of his unusual name Lincoln reports that his parents named him "after a big black guy named Link on the Mod Squad. I don't remember him, but they [my parents] assure me that they never did drugs, but . . ."

Trudeau, a journalism student at Ryerson, is no stranger to publication. He is active in the Ryerson student press, publishing several articles in *OH!* and writes a column in *The Eye Opener*. In addition, he has published a short story in the *Whitehall Review* and is a member of the International Society of Poets. Lincoln, however, is somewhat skeptical of the alleged prestige which accompanies an invitation to the International Society of Poets: "It would be more of an honour if they didn't accept just about everyone . . . they ask you to buy a giant book with a poem of yours in it for sixty dollars. I don't think so."

Despite his numerous honours, Lincoln recognizes his need to grow as a writer, and consequently shared with me his lower moments in his writing career. He began really writing in grade seven and eight, when he and a friend wrote five different "Choose-Your-Own-Adventure" novels. After that Lincoln began to write his own novels: "I wrote this one novel—it was so bad. I wrote the first one hundred pages, then the end, but I didn't know what to do in the middle . . . In grade ten I wrote another novel and finished it. It was around three hundred pages and I gave it to my uncle, who's a writer, to look over it and I copyrighted it. It's not as bad as the first one mind you, but several things were really implausible." Currently, Lincoln concentrates more on short stories and poetry.

Although Lincoln thinks of himself as a writer more than anything else, he has a second artistic love—stand-up comedy. His interest in the world of stand-up comedy came about through the encouragement of friends, with whom he shared his 'random-thought' creative writing. They suggested that he go to amateur night at Yuk-Yuk's. Lincoln admits to bombing his first performance, then trying a second time in a very drunken state and bombing even worse than before—but he keeps trying. It isn't the writing aspect of stand-up that Lincoln feels needs work, but the delivery. Still, Lincoln's stand-up career is not entirely unsuccessful. He has made an appearance on YTV, received air time on Yuk Yuk's radio show, as well as a spot on UofT's own CIUT radio station. Also, for the second year running Lincoln will take part in the "Search for Toronto's Funniest Comedian Show".

When asked about the inspiration for his material Lincoln told me: "I usually write about political things because I have strong opinions on things. I want to keep it funny, not preaching like those guys on the streetcorners. The down-side is that I come off as kinda kooky." Lincoln describes his material as "political, morbid, weird, poetic, but definitely not generic." His stand-up material revolves around such issues as death, homophobia, abortion, and suicide, a "hard topic to make funny, believe it or not." He cites his goal as taking topics which people find 'unfunny' and making them funny.

Lincoln admits to worrying excessively about the future: "With the down-sizing and all, the one thing machines can't replace is creativity. So I focus there, but creative things don't make that much money, unless you're Allen Ginsberg." For all his skepticism Lincoln still has some optimistic advice to share with our wanna-be writers and stand-up comedians: "I don't want to sound like an authority, 'cause I'm not. But don't be afraid to learn something new. Keep experimenting, keep learning. I think in retrospect to some of the things I've written and I think 'my God', I didn't know anything then."

You can catch Lincoln performing a stand-up comedy routine 9 pm most Wednesday nights at Spirits Restaurant, at Bloor and Church. Lincoln is also known to frequent Sirens on Tuesday nights, where informal and experimental poetry readings are held.



Michael J. Scott, President  
c/o ICS Canadian Ltd.  
9001 Avon Road  
Montreal West, Quebec  
H4X 9Z9

Dear Mr. Scott,

Are you people so unable to take a hint that I must waste the time to write you this letter to make you stop?

Your introduction to me states I am a "prospective student" of the International Correspondence Schools. I feel I should mail you a picture of myself. That way I will be able to ask you the question, "Do I really look *that* stupid?" But alas, I have given all recent photos of myself to my loved ones, and thus, you'll have to just imagine. And we all know that those who run correspondence schools are world-renowned for their imagination capabilities.

Okay, maybe I should explain. See, my mom found one of your little forms in the mail one day a long time ago and suggested I write in. Little did I know you people would continue to write me until the day I die.

You know, when I write a letter to someone and they don't write back, *maybe* I'll write them again. If I really like the person. And even then, after two or three unreplied letters, I'll give up. You don't even know me and yet you keep sending me more of your nonsense. What part of your brain told you this would be a good idea?

You sit there and tell me that I "must" have been interested in your programs but that "something has prevented you from enrolling." I'll tell you exactly what that something is: *I'VE GOT NO DAMN MONEY!* None! I'm in debt, in fact. That means I have even less than no money. I am forced to be envious of those who are broke for they are richer than I.

I don't care if your course is \$600 or \$300 . . . even if it's \$10, that's \$10 more than I'm willing to spend on your crap. Even if I ever *wanted* to enroll, I certainly have no interest now because you have irritated me so much.

And you honestly think I wanted to enroll in your course due to a desire for "greater self-esteem"? How many people hold their heads up high and throw giant parties and go on parade to proclaim to the world that they have graduated from correspondence school?

Then you say that your "reduced-rate courses" will give me a Completion Certificate I can show an employer. You then say, "What better way to impress?" Oh, maybe a *real* diploma. Hell, even a high-school diploma would come on my resume before that. Or maybe—no, heaven help us—not a *degree*. Not a university degree, no an employer would much prefer a Completion Certificate.

I'd say the main difference between this letter you sent me and every other one before it is that this one was just that *little* bit more annoying—and also, this one offers me Club Z points if I sign up. You're *really* reaching now, aren't you? As if things weren't dismal enough, now you drag Zellers into your web of deceit and manipulation . . . you bastards.

By the way, how proud am I obligated to feel if I take a course called "Journalism/Short Story Writing"? Are you suggesting these two forms of writing are so similar you can just lump them together into some freakish hybrid entity and hope to lure people in? Fat chance, Mike. The two employ completely different writing styles and I know this because I've done both on numerous occasions—no thanks to you, I might add.

Let me ask you something, Mr. Scott, what does "NO" mean to you? I don't want to sign up for your courses. I don't want to be your friend. If I saw you in the street, I wouldn't even say "hi" or nod my head, even if I *did* know what you looked like. If anything, I'd slap you at the back of the head to give you a taste of what annoyance really is.

I'm surprised I wrote you this much. You really don't deserve any of it. You probably won't even read this. And at this point, I don't care.

Hardly sincerely,

Lincoln Trudeau

P.S. Thank you for giving me an envelope with return postage. God forbid I should spend the 40-cent cents necessary to send a stamp back to you too.

Lincoln Trudeau  
XXX Xbridge Lane  
Pickering, Ontario  
POS T8L  
January 18, 1996

### Ride not the Sponsorship

a lone starving artist  
fishing for ideas in the infinite sea that is his mind  
but one cannot fish without food to survive

the artist needs money  
money is power  
but power for who

now the artist has money so he can eat  
money from nike  
just do it they say  
and then they chip away at the fishing grounds of the artist  
like a perversion of the midas touch all they touch turns to mud  
you cannot fish in those areas they say  
our stockholders would be offended  
just do it indeed

but the artist finally has money  
he wants more  
alone comes the next sponsorship in the fishing grounds  
much bigger than the last it is ibm  
we will make you rich  
we will make you a star a big rock star  
but you can only fish in this small area here  
the one that will not offend  
the one with the good non-controversial family fish

thus the lone fisherman is prosperous  
he has gained the power he has become the master  
master of a cesspool surrounded by the vessels of gluttony  
these sponsorships must sink if art is to flourish

such is the nature of greed the bastard offspring of capitalism  
with madness such as this how bad can communism be?

he who pays the bills has the power  
artistic expression is now the target of genocide  
brought to you by coca-cola  
better off dead in a rotted fishing boat

### flagrant proliferation of nonsense

four bats hanging from the ceiling  
one fell on the floor  
writhed around in agonizing boredom  
the other three breathed bright indigo flames  
the fire burned a nearby buffalo  
the buffalo was not amused  
he ate the bats  
no more bats  
and the moral of this story is  
don't be a bat  
be a buffalo instead



## Revolution Kate Davis

Your proud planet  
I am  
no longer violet  
I'm sure.

trivial discrepancies

But even now  
the colours are  
hardly ever  
very far away.

forever creeping in

Their auras  
used to fill my eyes  
Until I couldn't see.  
shades separating,  
our casual obsessions  
Our mutual vision.

and in the end  
We were left  
alone  
Isolated and wondering  
what was really real  
In this friendly dream of ours.

## Untitled Domenic Curro

I felt the pain of Jesus  
Running through my foot  
One on top of the other  
Hammers pounding  
All we are is rain  
Washed away we come again  
Darkness comes in vain  
Lightening strikes again  
Hurt is strange, it seeds the shame  
Like vast emotions, stunning aim  
I don't sleep  
I hear the engines  
Fast at night  
Shining in the moonlight.

## Writing Day W. N. O'Higgins

It is the strangest feeling to discover that you are doing the wrong thing. Two hundred feet up a gritstone cliff face, and I am doing the wrong thing. It is not even that I am doing the wrong thing on the cliff, which happens less often the more I climb, but that even being on the cliff is the wrong thing. Wrongness has a high-handed way of thudding into the base of your brain and making everything look different, suddenly, irrevocably.

The crack is perfect, and I have been climbing for a little over half an hour, and now I have to get down. My legs are pushing me out over the moors, into space. My right hand is wedged into the crack, pulling me back. I feel like a tent, dozens of tiny muscular forces pulling and pushing in different directions. I am an engineering problem, incredibly complex. It is only when you're finished solving it, having ciphered long into the night, that it is clear what it meant. I am not moving. Somehow, without remembering the endless arcane rules, or how much gravity is pulling on me, or how much I mass. I am holding myself on a rock face above Sheffield. And my brain is telling me that I am in the wrong place. As I listen, my body concurs. The weight of a dozen tiny cuts and scrapes, of my fatigue, of the cold and wet begins to press on my thoughts as well. I have to get down.

I look up, but there is the hardest climbing still to come. I wipe my hand across my sweater and am caught by the change. As I climbed through the mist water has beaded on the fine fibers. Brushing these into the cloth leaves a patch of dark blue against the grey. It has been misting for hours, and I felt odd from the first, but I went on climbing anyway. Though I did not know it, or did not sense it from the first, it is a day for climbing.

There are no thoughts that are pressing to the fore, but there is a sense of burgeoning imagination. I have to get to the computer. Now. The compulsion would be described as biological by a non-climber, but this goes beyond biology. To a climber mere physical need is crushed by a calm that allows many thoughts and feelings, but not physical discomfort. There is no numbness, or lack of sensitivity, but pain, if it is felt at all, does not penetrate the calm. My climbing mind is broken under a sense of wrongness, and pressing creation, and I have to get off this rock before I fall off it.

"It's no good, I'm coming down. I'll get this pro tomorrow." I shout down to my second, wincing at my words. I hate to let him down, but I can't climb any more today.

I busy myself setting up a safety, hoping that it will hold, and hoping that no one comes through here before I can get back. I lean into it, and hear the crunch of gritstone under the pressure, but the piece holds. I lower myself down to my partner, and unhook from the line. He scowls at me and doesn't say a word. The drive home, though only twenty minutes, is going to be a long one. In the car I look over at him a couple of times, but he drives steadily, watching the road intently, not acknowledging my presence. Several times bits of sentences bubble up into my head. I chase them, and shortly there is a promise of a story.

He drops me at the flat and grunts at my apologies. I gather up my gear and go inside. As I drop my gear on the living room floor there are several lines in my head, and an idea of how the plot should go, but no ending. As the computer warms up I check the time. It is only eight in the morning. I set the word processor to loading, and look down at the keyboard. I find a rag and wipe the blood off the keys, and bind a small furrow that I seem to have plowed into the flesh of my hand.

I look at the screen for a long time. There is a pattern of letters that formed there as I wiped the keyboard. After a few minutes a bright light shines into my eyes. I look into the fresh spring sunlight as it burns through the clouds. It makes the cliffs on the far side of the valley glow, their grey turned almost white in the bright and sudden glow. It is going to be a beautiful climbing day. I close the blind and begin to write.

## Untitled Mysterious Megan?

I am in one long daze of confusion  
as if I had too much to drink  
the red wine has made my head ache with dilussions  
and inner most parts throb with lust.  
Am I drunk in my imagination?  
or am I lost in the reality of it all.  
Ten thousand things go through ones mind  
and yet it remains blank  
Your mouth opens to speck those words of the  
vocabulary  
but are silenced by the chaos.

## Untitled Marijke de Looze

She once told me of a field,  
where the flowers have eyes,  
and the fairies fly free.  
Her ankles were below her knees,  
her fingers tapered her hands,  
but her head was not on her shoulders.  
The golden tower I found,  
cried its golden bitter tears,  
upon learning that I was not with you.  
I cast a stone into the air last night,  
hoping to reach the heavens,  
but the stars threw it back down.



## A COLLECTION OF BUBBLES (BUBBLINGS)

Andrea

I hate the world. I hate this, I hate that. Yeah, yeah. Blah, blah. Go to hell with your I don't know shit and fuck yourself. This IS shit. You my friend ARE shit. So go to hell and dance with the demons. Frolic amongst the flames and pretend to be heard. Your moans will not escape me. I am inside you and you in me. But I hate you. So fuck off. Take a stand but don't forget your spinach. Inside my head a swirling mass of sounds, nerves, colours. You are all I am. Dizzy, busy, messy stuff. Bake me a hot apple pie would ya?

Out there  
alone.

In here,  
within,  
confined.

In a prison.

Let me out. The clouds are falling down before me. Stop their bleeding. Nothing exists, everything is meaningless.

Once  
alone

loneliness

hits. Nothing to do but sit and think and go CRAZY! Crazy orange peaches! All along the sand drifts the wood of yesterday.

I am.

You are.

She is.

He is not. One of us. Trendsetters. Fuzzy bullshit posers--go and die! Bugs taste good. Especially when you are inside one. Rodents are sick. You are sick you doggy. Come here puppy. What's that? No one to love? Together is nothingness.

Lies. Lies. Lies. Love and lies. And sex. And lies. You son of a bitch. No more happiness. Selfishness is next to my mind, only a phase away. Too much thought. Must escape, must get away. Please. Help to get away. Lost somewhere along the way my love. Need a hand? I always do with you to keep you happy. Enough of it? Not! You love more. You can't stop! No matter where my brain has gone I have you in here love. I think of chocolate melting against our bodies merged together forever. Happiness. Oh. How I wish. I wish for today and a friendly tomorrow. Sputter this. Sputter that. Sputter me up. Melting Margarine sliding down the walls all enmeshed in a vat of grease. Bubbly, bubbly, crazy girl. RIOT GRRL on my belly in the middle of the day. Phone a rings. Got to go. Almost died would have been nice.

## Fuzz Domenic Curro

Sometimes I feel like  
I'm not a man  
Sometimes I feel like I'm  
Crawling in Quicksand  
And I don't know  
If I will ever feel the same again  
And I don't care  
I'd never dare

Language is a burden  
Language is a curse  
give me something proven  
give me something first oh,  
But to be a bird  
Never having said ... a word  
Would I be cured  
Or maybe lured  
To feeling like a man

## When billy mugwump

When I'm as blue as I feel today  
I could be Picasso  
When I'm as green as I feel today  
I could be a meadow.

When I'm as weepy as I am right now  
I could be a willow  
When I feel as tragic as I do right now  
I could be Othello.

When I'm being as silly as I am here  
I could be a jester  
When I'm being as self-destructive as I am here  
I should be left to fester.

When I'm as morose as I know I am  
I know this pain is real  
When I'm ready as I know I am  
You'll know how bad I feel.

When I can walk with my head held high  
I'll tell you how much it hurt  
When I can look you in the eye  
I'll leave you standing in my dirt.

Hello out there! We are very friendly at the Herald, so all you newborn writers out there, don't be afraid to drop stuff off !!!



# The Rear End

## Aries (March 20 - April 19)

The time has come to shed your reptilian tail, to chase out the dust-bunnies that hide under the bed of your sub-conscious 'cause tis the season to rid yourself of painful or corrosive feelings and memories and jump up and down. When you feel the urge to do cartwheels or yodel in the subway, then gratify this cleansing whim and exorcise your demons. Nothing like being impulsive to get rid of the winter blahs...seriously. Why don't you take off to Saudi Arabia and start your own harem?

## Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

Hole up and hide away from the world this month, nasty cold weather and bad vibes should be left at your door. Make your home a haven and huddle in heavenly harmonious decadence (preferably with lots of chocolate, strawberries and whipped cream). Try and ignore the crap that's been compiling in your sphee of existence and make like a banana and split. To your house where you can shut the door and pretend the outer world has disappeared like Obi Wan Kenobi. I recommended some kidy handcuffs and a little velvet rope to keep things interesting.

## Gemini (May 21 - June 21)

Though it may feel like you're stuck in a rut  
Remove from your vocabulary "no" and "but"  
You'll be surprised at what you will find  
When you decide to open your mind  
And let in some good old-fashioned, unfancy smut.

## Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

Ignore the Force, may the Empire embrace you into their sensual grasp. Make the Death Star your Freudian Symbol for the month (cocaine, anyone?). Feel the power of true evil. Tantalize your beloved, tease 'em, frustrate 'em and satisfy them unexpectedly. Be capricious and chuckle malevolently at the urban zoo that surrounds you. In short, do whatever the fuck feels right and let society go to hell in an Imperial Starship. It's your party, so cry if you want to.

## Leo (July 23 - August 21)

You are Leo. Where's your roar? Roar, dammit. Roar loud and proud. Sound your barbaric yelp across the vast divide and let out all your negative history and past mistakes in the process. According to Elmer Fudd, the wascally metaphoric wabbit that has haunted your dreams, your days and your entire state of being is the next on his hit list. 'Tis time to live your present to the fullest, to exceed your expectations of yourself and to have your expectations of the nice people around you actually be met for a change. Go smoke a doobie, have a bubble bath, take two lovers (instead of aspirin) and call me in the morning.

## Virgo (August 22 - September 22)

Isn't it odd how as you get older, time goes faster? Well, I've got news for you. Get used to it! In fact, embrace that feeling 'cause you're one of the lucky people for whom time does not crawl by slowly, which leaves you with that crappy entropy-like sensation. Make the most of your ups, for over the next little while your downs will seem of unusual significance. Not to fear, however, that will be balanced inwardly by the Virgo in your soul and the kid in you ought to remember that life is one big toy store; only you can design your lego castles (it's less fun if you follow the instructions) and only you can steer your Tonka Truck through the metaphoric lands of the sandbox that is your life.

## This Month's Herald is brought to you by

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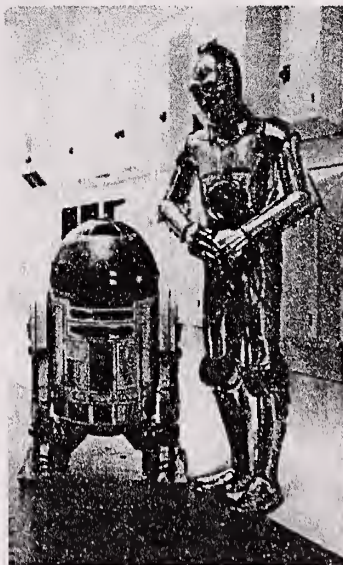
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## Libra (September 23 - October 22)

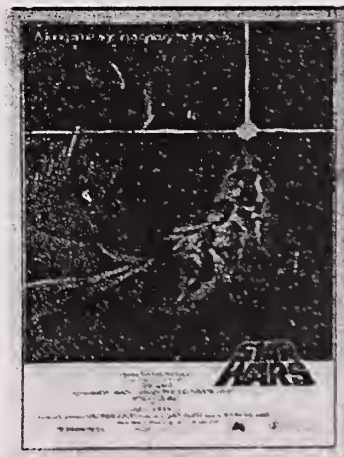
Be happy  
Allow yourself room to dance or just move  
Love yourself  
Ask lots of questions  
Never say never  
Concentrate on the important shit  
E (need I say more?)

## Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

Not to pretend that life is a Joycean construct, but has your life reminded you of Ulysses lately? Does the stream of consciousness that is the world around you seem to be engulfing you in its downward spiral without any punctuation? If so, then here are some words of advice: eat the red smarties last. go away (yes, literally). try cross-dressing. be bold and impulsive to cheer yourself up. Y'know, you over-analytical Scorpion-Dude, there comes a time when you can breathe deeply having fulfilled your responsibilities and live, live, live!  
(why are you still reading this?)

## Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

Now is a good time to catch up on stuff you've been shoving to the back of your agenda. Get going on all those projects that have been sitting around since who-knows-when, because the stars say that now is the time to get shit done...those same stars are very much in your favour, indicating potentially that the next month is the ultimate opportunity to show the world your metal. You know you're brilliant, your friends know you're brilliant, I know you are, so get up offa that thing and shake it, you'll feel better! A call to arms! Arise fair Sagittarian, breathe... and sail beyond the sunset simply because you can if you want to.



## Capricorn (December 22 - January 20)

So you are having major difficulties. I understand. In fact, if you ever want to sit down and have a cup of tea and chat while easing your consciousness, I can be reached through the friendly folk at the Herald. But knowing you, you'll probably do one of two things. Either you'll bottle up your angst and let it overwhelm you gradually or you'll tell as many friends as possible hoping to ease the pressures that sit on your shoulders and garner some sympathy. In truth, my ram-like stubborn friend, the best thing would probably be for you to accept what the stars have in store for you calmly and to make peace with the most important person in your life - you.

## Aquarius (January 21 - February 19)

Happy Birthday! May you enjoy Reading Week all the more because you deserve it. You're a good kid Charlie Brown; putting up with all this crap has just made you a better person. Hey, like Nietzsche said, if it don't kill you it'll make you stronger. For once the stars indicate clearly the path of least resistance, take a holiday to renew your spirits and passions and then capitalize on the positive energy you store up in the process. Go for gold. Have sex on the beach. Or in the shower. It doesn't really matter where or with who, because this month is your month... Take initiatives and do yourself a favour: exorcise the old ghost of a love that has been lingering long enough to make it hurt and embrace the thing or person you think will gratify your funky, ingenious soul.

## Pisces (February 19 - March 19)

Have you been feeling the weight of the world on your shoulders? Not enjoying it overly much? Responsibility is not your watchword this season, my fishy friend. No matter how good things get or have gotten recently, you're likely to negate them in lieu of feeling sorry for yourself. Well, so be it. Maybe drifting about in a haze is good for you. Maybe not. Only you can decide. I tell you though, the cosmos indicate the possibility that your rut is quite likely of your own making; therefore the climb out of the rut is also up to you. Watch out for falling rocks and remember to look both ways as you cross the street. More wine?



